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Vol. CLXXXVIII No. 2455 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC FEBRUARY 8 1947

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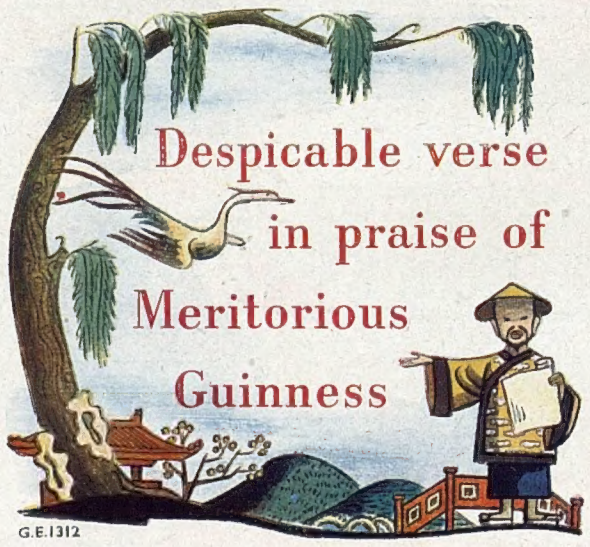
A PAGE FOR THE CONNOISSEUR

The fragment of Chinese verse quoted below has been connected by Pflunk with this rare variant of the "Willow Pattern" design. It was written on the reverse of an oval piece of buff-coloured parchment, identified by Piffelheim as a "label" of the *XX*th Century, usually found attached to bottles. The reference to Min-fu is obscure. He may have been a sage of the Stl'ong Dynasty.



Within the harmonious city of Kwang-si
Dwell many well-proportioned and vigorous persons,
But none (if my abject opinion be permitted a hearing)
So notably-muscled as How-hi,
Who proclaims daily with a marked absence of diffidence
"Guinness is beneficial to this person."

Desiring a physique no less praise-worthy,
I availed myself of the Guinness of the strong-willed How-hi,
Who pursued me with edged words and an impolite weapon,
And but for my new-won Guinness strength
Would undoubtedly have hewed me into undignified fragments;
Truly has Min-fu remarked "No commodity resembles a Guinness."

Volume CLXXXVIII No. 2455 The SPHERE, London, February 8, 1947

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE "VANGUARD" RECEIVES A VISITOR IN MID-CHANNEL—A HELICOPTER FROM PORTLAND TOUCHES DOWN ON THE BATTLESHIP'S DECK TO COLLECT MAILS, FILM, AND PHOTOGRAPHS: An incident at the start of the Royal voyage to South Africa

Last Saturday morning H.M.S. *Vanguard* left Portsmouth en route for South Africa with the King and Queen, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, and their entourage as passengers. The Royal party was given a great send-off in the early morning, and, after making a rendezvous with the Home Fleet 20 miles south-west of St. Catherine's Point, the great battleship headed down Channel for Ushant in the face of worsening weather. One of the big incidents on the first day out was the landing of a helicopter on *Vanguard's* deck. The *Sikorski*, an American machine, with two others of the same type, took off from Portland with visibility of only 5 ft., and the pilot, Lieut. Reed, R.N., subsequently made a perfect landing on the battleship's deck. While the other two helicopters cruised overhead, mails were collected, and also pictures and film made during the first few hours of the voyage. The helicopter, to the accompaniment of cheers from the *Vanguard's* crew, then took off again, and later in the day landed at Gosport. Several of the pictures brought by the helicopter will be found on page 185 of this issue

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Royal Tour.—When these lines see print, the Royal Family will be beginning to feel the warmer air on their voyage to South Africa. It is a heavy programme, and it has been planned with all the care given to D-Day; months of preparation have gone to its perfection. The Royal party, chosen with care, can be relied on to win golden opinions. General Smuts, an old and tried friend, can be relied on to ensure a warm welcome. Nevertheless, the strain will be infinitely heavy, even with the use of air-conditioned trains and every known amenity. The tour comes at a time when our Empire seems to be melting away. It is fair to say that long since it was pledged to melt away, and that it rests on no firmer basis than the willingness of each sovereign member nation to adhere to it. South Africa is not unanimous in that willingness. There have been times when no large majority held it in the Commonwealth. The Royal Tour starts in the bitterness of a bitter and sombre winter. The Royal Family will not return home until May. I wonder if this England will seem to us who remain here a happier, more hopeful and less frustrated place than it seems to-day. I hope so. I think so. We cannot go on for much longer enduring the present daily news ration of disasters and warnings without bursting into tears or insurrection.

Palestine.—A Minister in Parliament can usually make out a very good case on paper for himself and his Government's policy, even against a gamut of expert criticism of a desperate situation. In the debate on Palestine Mr. Creech-Jones made out a shocking case of Government failure. I doubt if there was ever such overwhelming evidence of failure in a Minister's strenuous effort to admit no failure at all. So at least it struck everyone with whom I discussed the debate. The Opposition was almost embarrassed by its arsenal of spear-points. It could not miss. There is chaos in Palestine, and the root causes are fairly obvious. I should put first in order the failure of the decent majority of the Jewish community to co-operate against the Thugs. Why was it so? Largely, I should say, because they were always expecting the cashing of many golden promises made by the Socialists in their campaign for power. Here, as in Egypt and in England, the Socialists were generous in promises and concessions and here and there and everywhere unforeseen and adverse events forced them to courses of expediency quite contradicting their promises. Jewry all over the world has its eyes fixed on Palestine. A vast majority of Jewry still looks on Britain as its chief friend and supporter over centuries; still regards the British official as the purest and the British soldier as the best-disciplined and most humane among the nations. And that despite the long and intense campaign of slander against Britain launched by elements in Allied and enemy countries alike. "Decent-minded Jewry" (as a correspondent Jew, living in South Africa, writes to me) notes that in England to-day a slightly anti-Jewish sentiment prevails in the Press. Could it be otherwise? It sees a sharp division in the ranks of Jewry close ahead. Jewry, as a whole, must declare for the Right . . . or the Wrong. If that choice be not made and announced and implemented, Jewry will lose her firmest and perhaps her last friend, not in Europe alone, but in the world.

Dakota.—First one, then another make of aeroplane is concerned in a series of terrible disasters. The legal mind regards circumstantial evidence as very strong evidence, when a series of happenings form an *unbroken* chain leading in one direction. The practical mind examines each disaster individually to ascertain the cause without bias from previous accidents to the same make. It is ice on the wings, or fog, or overloading, or the stalling of one engine. In one instance, the make of plane was withdrawn from use, for a re-examination *de novo* of its construction. Perhaps it will be so with the Dakota. It is a well-proven machine and those officially owned and maintained in England have a fine record for safety, even with a plus load. But safety must be preferred to economic considerations. Meanwhile, it looks reasonable that the authorised load should be reduced temporarily, and sentimentally reasonable to suggest that children's lives, at any rate, should not be risked in Dakotas while they remain *sub judice*. Grown-ups can be allowed to settle for themselves what risks they are prepared to take.

PLEADING THE CAUSE OF AUSTRIA—THE AUSTRIAN DELEGATES, HEADED BY THEIR CHANCELLOR, ARRIVE IN LONDON TO TESTIFY BEFORE THE FOREIGN MINISTERS' DEPUTIES CHARGED WITH THE TASK OF TREATY PREPARATION: When this picture was taken at the Austrian Legation the delegates were holding a preparatory conference and discussing a plan of action. Seated, left to right—Dr. Karl Gruber (Foreign Minister), Dr. Leopold Figl (Chancellor), Dr. Adolf Schaerf (Vice-Chancellor), Mr. V. Schumy (People's Party) and Mr. Ernest Fischer (Communist Party). Standing, left to right—Dr. Heinrich Schmid (the Austrian Government representative in London), Mr. Hans Piesch (head of the Provisional Government of Carinthia), Dr. Ernst Koref (Socialist Party) and Dr. Alois Karrisch (of Carinthia)

The Curse of Snow.—Only the young or thoughtless or those holidaying in winter-sport hotels (who are not concerned with the waste of labour and the extra work which snow involves) give it a warm welcome and laugh for joy. It is a tragedy for the elderly and a set-back for all industries in these anxious days. The bad fairies which attended the christening of the present Government were a strong team, imaginatively malevolent. A severe winter for 1946-47 is not the mildest of their curses. With the vanishing of coal stocks, the bitter spell has bitten twice as keenly, with empty grates and electricity cuts. And vital farm work has been held up. Threshing seemed to be the only possible occupation for farmers, and that was not conducted without difficulty and discomfort, even in the earlier phase of the great freeze-up. In a short drive or slither over the Downs to Chichester, I made a melancholy catalogue of wasted labour. Scores and scores of roadmen were sweeping and sanding roads which two hours later were more deeply covered than ever. After the night of January 28-29 (something of a record in West Sussex within my memory) almost everything came to a standstill. It was just a question of keeping the livestock alive and the pipes and tanks from freezing, and movement was reduced to mountaineering pace. The mercury had sunk below the level of registration on my cheap recorder, and the sky at breakfast-time was as that described so vividly by Captain Scott in the Antarctic. The morning of January 29 will be long remembered by the "good easy" folk of West Sussex who are not familiar with the conditions of Dalwhinnie or Kent. And one day it has all to be got away and cleared up—the snow and the mess and the damage.

"Miseries of Human Life."—Special note to readers who love to *pounce* on a journalist: This is a *humorous* article, it is not defeatism. *Au contraire.* It has raised a laugh. There was a Dialogue in two volumes which greatly amused our grandparents. It carried the above caption as title. It listed a number of the mischances of the daily round. I should like to contribute a "spasm" to a revised edition. The experiences of the night and morning of January 29-30: At 9.30 p.m. the gardener's wife reported she had been cleaning a bulb and had fused the lights of the cottage. I waded out. No one could find the fuse-box. A search for candles revealed two half-used sticks. My electric torch gave out. That night the "donkey" went out and odd clinking noises were heard in the pipes. The dawn broke Antarctic. It was a frost record. The other life-saving fire was choked with the usual dust and hardly to be resuscitated., I slipped up as I went out, and, after shovelling for some time, my nose began bleeding strongly. I returned to shave between sniffs and cut my chin twice almost to the bone. It is still bleeding as I write. Breakfast was interrupted by a visit from the gardener (just moved in. Cost of furniture removal, £8 8s.). I knew well the expression on his face. It was the "notice" face. One night of rural winter had been too much for him. . . . The water in both water tanks of my vital electric and pumping engines was frozen solid. The car would not start. Not that the drive would have let it through. . . . By noon the sun was shining brightly; the wind was nearly south, and it was warmer outside than in. Such is our life and our English winter sometimes.

More to Pay.—During our two-days marooning, the only pioneer who won through to us almost punctually was the postman. As stout a fellow as England can still show. And now he and 49,999 others like him want *more pay*. And why should he be out of the movement for more pay and shorter hours? Economic facts and portents not being a consideration in England to-day, his claim is very just. I don't know what he earns, but his hours are roughly from 5 a.m. to 5 p.m., or later. And he is compelled, absurdly, to deliver an afternoon post which none of us here wanted or expected. I wonder what one postman costs. I was interested and appalled to hear that one rural policeman costs £900 a year (salary, pension, housing, etc.)! And our own local police (it is no secret) are about 40 per cent. of the bare minimum strength required to patrol their areas with the bare minimum of effectiveness. It is the same all over the country. Whatever force may exist to-day, in this or that area, must be in the next five years multiplied by three—and each new recruit means about £1,000 a year to be got from the rates. Cheerful isn't it? And a policeman means a new house, usually. But while the ratepayer is approaching bankruptcy, the P.O. runs at a profit (with postcards costing 2d.). Surely then, the postman's claim to share in the great divide of the empty treasure-house is a very strong one.

THE OLD STAGER

Judging by the large amount of correspondence received by the Publisher, there seems to be some doubt in the public mind about posting British periodicals *to countries overseas*. There is no difficulty at all now, and the Publisher will be pleased to send THE SPHERE to any address abroad on receipt of remittance with order. Subscription rates (including postage):

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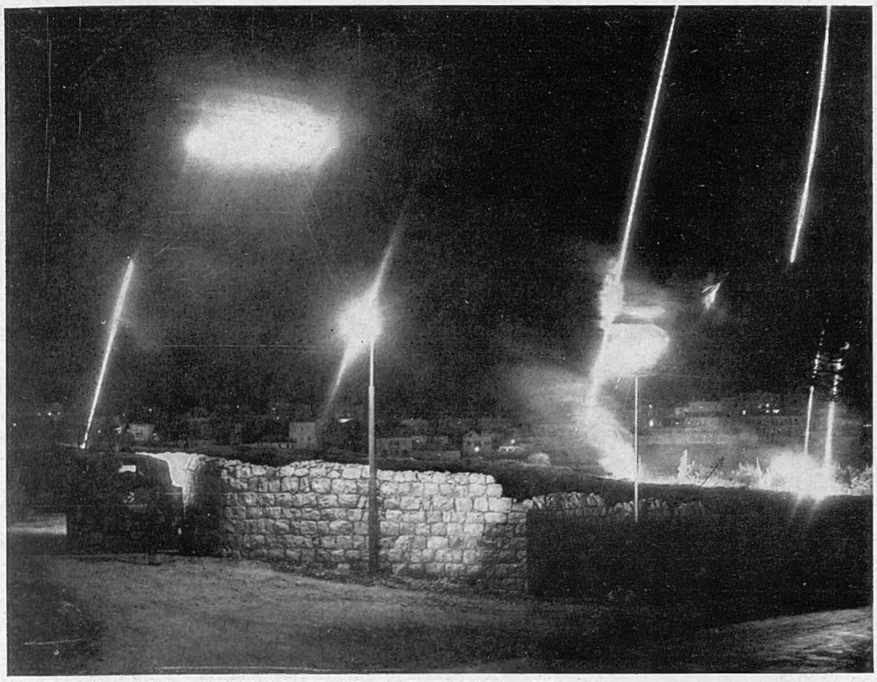


THE NIGHT OF THE KIDNAPPING OF MR. H. E. COLLINS: When this picture was taken the alarm had just been sounded in Jerusalem and searchlights swept the area as 5,000 troops sought for the official of the Palestine British Bank whom Irgun terrorists had captured and were holding as a hostage for Groner, the terrorist under sentence of death. Several days later Collins was released after receiving brutal treatment

A MIDNIGHT HUNT THROUGH THE MAMILLAH MUSLIM CEMETERY: British troops combing the graveyard for the kidnappers of Mr. Collins

A Night of Tension in Palestine

THE SEARCH FOR MR. H. E. COLLINS

Why the Irgun terrorists should have kidnapped Mr. H. E. Collins, an official of the Palestine British Bank, a former Army Major and a popular figure throughout the whole Jerusalem community, is no more explicable than many of their other ill-judged actions. Five thousand troops took part in the subsequent comb-out, and chief attention was focused on the Muslim graveyard through which the kidnappers were seen escaping. When Mr. Collins was finally released he was found to be suffering from the effects of a drug, and he was badly bruised.

THEY WERE CAUGHT UNAWARES OUTSIDE THE GATE OF THE MEA SHARIM OR: British troops examining the identity cards of citizens who sought to enter Jerusalem after the curfew which was imposed unexpectedly as a direct result of the kidnapping of Mr. H. E. Collins

SEARCHING A SLUM AREA IN OLD JERUSALEM: British troops engaged in the great comb-out which followed the capture of Mr. Collins

THE WARSAW "VICTORY" PARADE

A TRIUMPHAL PARADE THROUGH THE BOMB-SCARRED STREETS OF WARSAW: Members of the Democratic Bloc, the dominant partners in which are Socialists and Communists, marching through the Polish capital in celebration of their victory at the polls. They received 80 per cent. of the votes cast and a clear majority in the Polish Diet, but the victory was marred by terrorism and violence

EVIDENCE OF ANTI-BRITISH AND ANTI-AMERICAN FEELING: An effigy of the defeated Peasant Party leader, Mikolajczyk, is borne in the Warsaw victory parade of the members of the Democratic Bloc. The portrait bore the inscription, "He died from Anglo-American sickness"

Poland duly carried out the elections which she promised at Yalta would be "free and unfettered," and when these pictures were taken the victors were celebrating their triumph. There seems no doubt that the elections were held in an atmosphere of terror, and it was little wonder that the Peasant Party leader, Mr. Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, called for their annulment even before the declaration of the poll. Twelve thousand of his followers, he said, were in gaol at the time of the voting, and his watchers were, in most places, denied access to the voting stations. Repercussions are expected as a result of representations already made to the United Nations

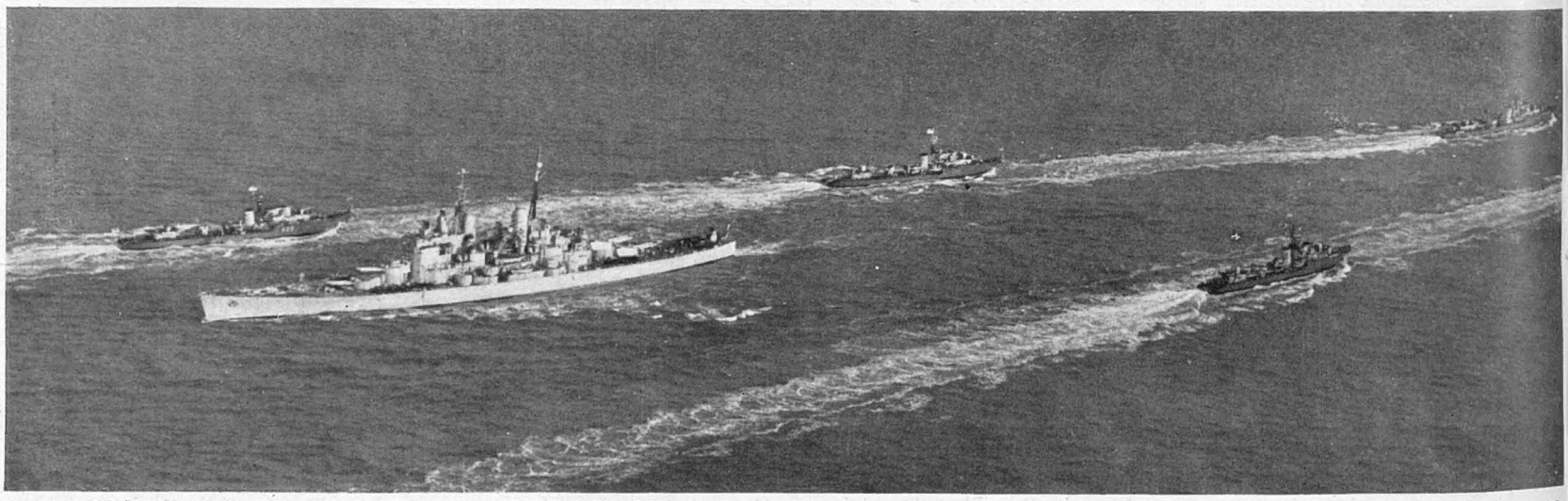
THE ROYAL FAMILY ARRIVES AT WATERLOO AFTER DRIVING THROUGH THRONGED STREETS FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE: The King is seen having a farewell talk with Prime Minister Attlee, and the Queen is talking to the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lieutenant of London. Also waiting to convey their good wishes for the journey were Mr. Chuter Ede, the Home Secretary, and Lord Addison, the Dominions Secretary

ROYAL FAMILY GOOD-BYES ON THE DEPARTURE PLATFORM AT WATERLOO: The King is saying farewell to his great-aunt, Princess Marie Louise, the Queen is taking leave of Lady Patricia Ramsay, and Princess Elizabeth is with Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone. Behind Princess Margaret is the Earl of Clarendon

THE ROYAL DEPARTURE FOR SOUTH AFRICA

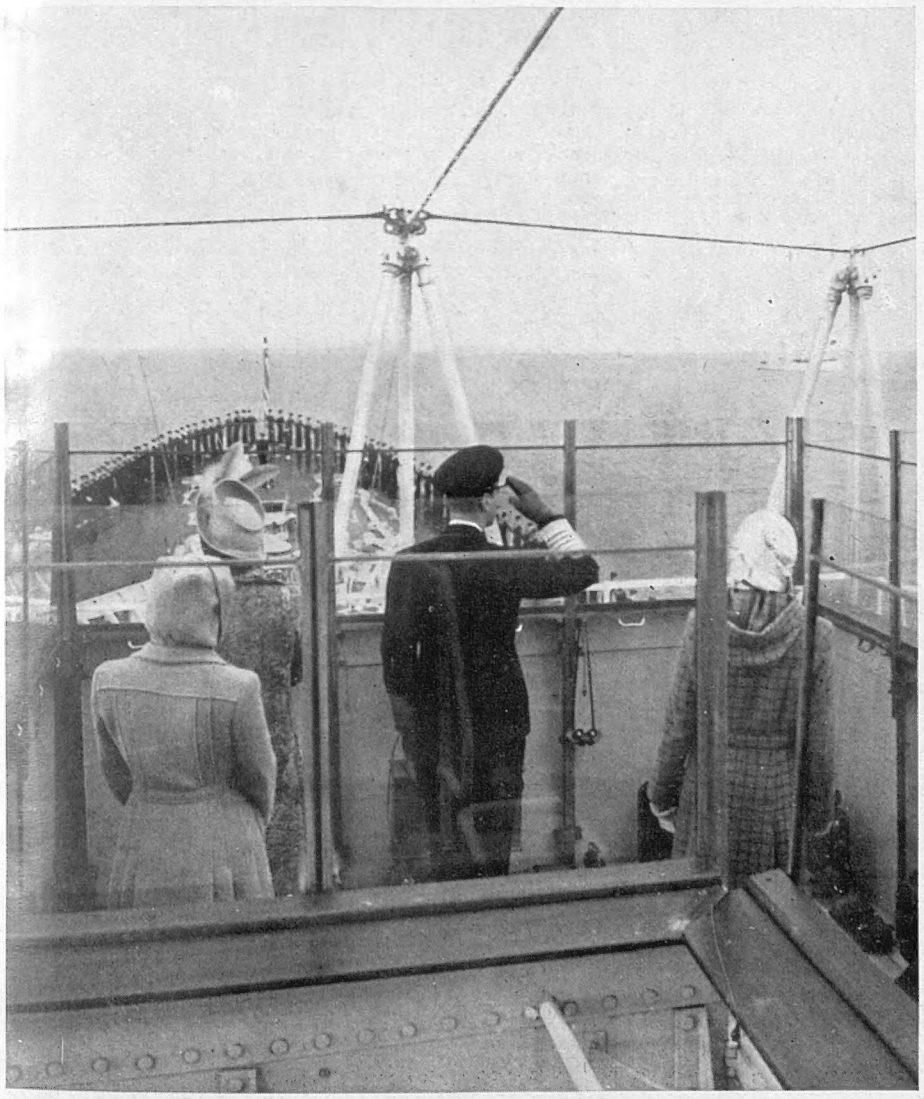
The Leave-taking in London, and the Home Fleet's Channel Send-off

On Friday of last week the King and Queen drove through the wintry streets of London from Buckingham Palace to Waterloo, receiving an affectionate farewell from citizens who thronged the route down the Mall and through Westminster to watch them start out on their three-months tour of South Africa. At Waterloo the Prime Minister added his good wishes to those of the people, and on the departure platform there were more affectionate and informal scenes as relatives of the King and Queen assembled at the Pullman door. The Royal family boarded H.M.S. *Vanguard* at Portsmouth on the same evening, and just after 7 a.m. last Saturday the great battleship set out on her 17-day journey to the Cape. In the morning there came the dramatic spectacle of the review of the Home Fleet, with the *Vanguard* passing down the lane of warships, and then, accompanied by her escort, *Vanguard* steamed south-west towards Ushant and the Bay of Biscay. On Sunday the battleship encountered some heavy weather, great waves sweeping over the bows, but apart from superficial damage to deck fittings and flooding of some of the Royal staff cabins, she proceeded on her way according to schedule

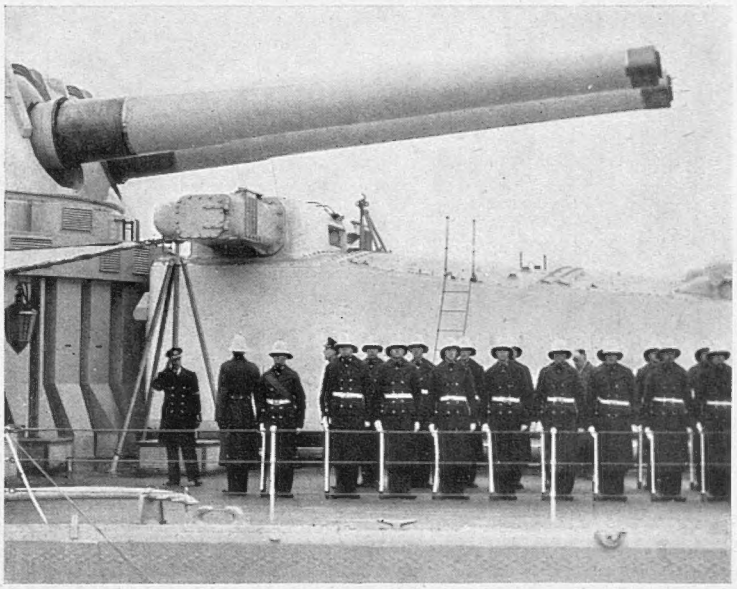


H.M.S. "VANGUARD" SAILS BETWEEN THE VESSELS OF THE HOME FLEET—THE 42,000-TON BATTLESHIP, WITH THE ROYAL FAMILY ON BOARD, PASSING DOWN THE LANE OF WARSHIPS: This naval send-off for the Royal family took place in the English Channel. All ships were dressed with masthead flags and the crews were massed along the decks. As the "Vanguard" approached, the battleships and cruisers fired a salute of twenty-one guns, and as she came abreast each ship the crew of the particular ship gave three cheers for Their Majesties. During the manœuvre the Royal family stood on their special bridge

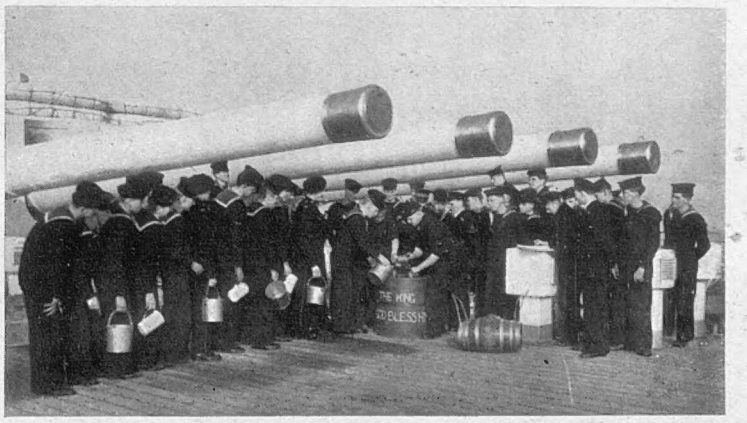
THE ROYAL FAMILY TAKE A STROLL ON THE DECK OF H.M.S. "VANGUARD": This picture, which was brought to England by the helicopter which landed on the battleship, shows the King and Queen, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret on their first day at sea, when they received a loyal send-off from the Home Fleet. At this stage the sea was fairly calm, but off Ushant the wind got up and the "Vanguard" had to battle her way forward in boisterous conditions



THE KING STANDS AT THE SALUTE AS THE "VANGUARD" PASSES DOWN THE LANE OF WARSHIPS: This was the impressive scene as his Majesty, accompanied by the Queen and the Princesses, acknowledged the cheers of 9,000 men of the Home Fleet. The "Vanguard" passed the battleships, cruisers, and destroyers at a speed of 10 knots



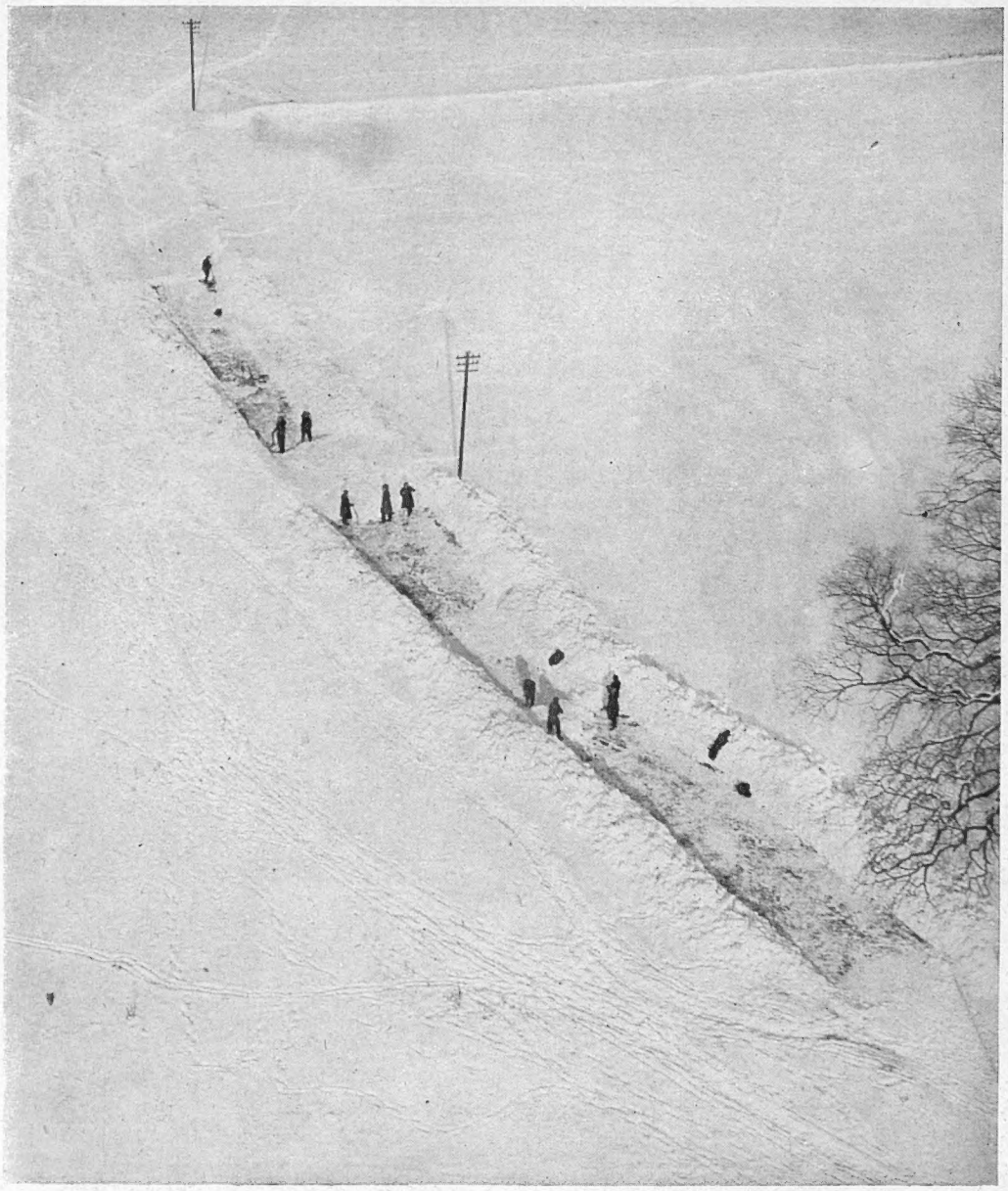
THE KING WITH THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE ROYAL MARINES: His Majesty salutes the officer in command when completing his inspection of the Marines after going aboard at Portsmouth



THE ORDER WAS "SPLICE THE MAINBRACE": Members of the crew of the battleship "Anson" lining up to receive their special rum ration after the King had given the order for the issue in his parting message of thanks to the warships of the Home Fleet

THE GREAT FREEZE-UP IN BRITAIN

Aspects of the Bitter Cold-spell Which Was Attended by Widespread Power Cuts



WHAT HAPPENED IN THE KENTISH COUNTRYSIDE—HOW A VILLAGE WAS COMPLETELY ISOLATED BY THE SNOW : An aerial view showing squads of men cutting their way through the drifts to the village of Bredhurst which, although only four miles from Chatham, was for a short period cut off completely from the outside world. At some points the drifts were several feet deep and no section of the road had less than 2 ft. of snow. As the plane which took this picture swooped low over Bredhurst, villagers could be seen with shovels battling a way towards their rescuers

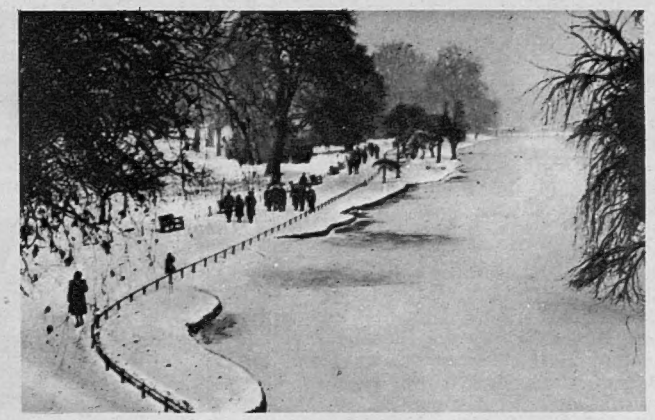
HOW THEY CLEARED THE WATERWAYS : An ice-breaker at work on the Grand Union Canal at Leighton Buzzard. As the boat, with its steel-covered bows, pushes forward through the frozen canal the men on the central bars provide the necessary rocking motion to break apart the ice. At the same time they keep themselves warm. On the right are two barges stuck fast by the great freeze-up

AFTER THE CLEARING OF THE GRAND UNION CANAL : The "White Heather" towing a line of rubbish-laden barges along a stretch of the waterway at Alperton, Middlesex. "White Heather" was preceded by an ice-breaker of the same type as that depicted at the top of this page, and this released the Paddington-Hayes section of the canal

"One good effect of the cold and snow," declared the hard-hearted *Manchester Guardian*, "was to keep motor-cars out of London." This must have been poor consolation indeed for Londoners last week, when, with the biggest and longest electricity cuts so far enforced, they had to make their way to work with breakfasts only half-cooked. All over the south country temperatures were below freezing-point on the night of January 29, and the pictures on these pages give some idea of what the "great freeze-up" meant in London and the home counties

THE THAMES ESTUARY OR A POLAR WASTE? A scene during the great freeze-up near Leigh-on-Sea. The boatman in the picture is rescuing his dinghy from the encircling ice. Only by moving their craft every twenty-four hours can owners hope to ensure that they will escape damage from the ice pressure

THERE WERE MINIATURE ICEBERGS IN THE RIVER CROUCH : A frozen scene at Hullbridge, Essex. Salt water flowed in from the sea with each rising tide, but when it retreated a sheet of ice was revealed and at some points local skaters went into action. At others the broken nature of the surface made skating impossible. Skating was particularly popular in Lincolnshire and also along the Medway, and where lack of adequate heating had caused schools to close down temporarily the children enjoyed the winter sports to the full, while their mothers wrestled with burst pipes



THE WINTER BEAUTY OF ST. JAMES'S PARK : This was a picturesque aspect of London's cold-spell, a spell which brought with it power cuts on a big scale and all the discomforts of low gas pressure and limited electricity

MY GOODNESS, IT 'S THE GUINNESS ! Council workers rushed to the rescue when a lorry laden with fifty barrels of stout came to a standstill on Wrotham Hill, Kent

BENFLEET CREEK, HAUNT OF MOTOR-BOAT ENTHUSIASTS AND SUMMER BATHING BELLES, WEARS A FORBIDDING ASPECT : A picture from the Thames Estuary where many hundreds of pleasure-craft lay frozen at their moorings. Temperatures in many parts of England were the lowest since the intense cold-spell of February 1929. The temperature actually dropped at times to 14 degs. below freezing-point, and road and water transport in many parts of the country was dislocated

SOUTH AFRICA on the EVE of the ROYAL VISIT

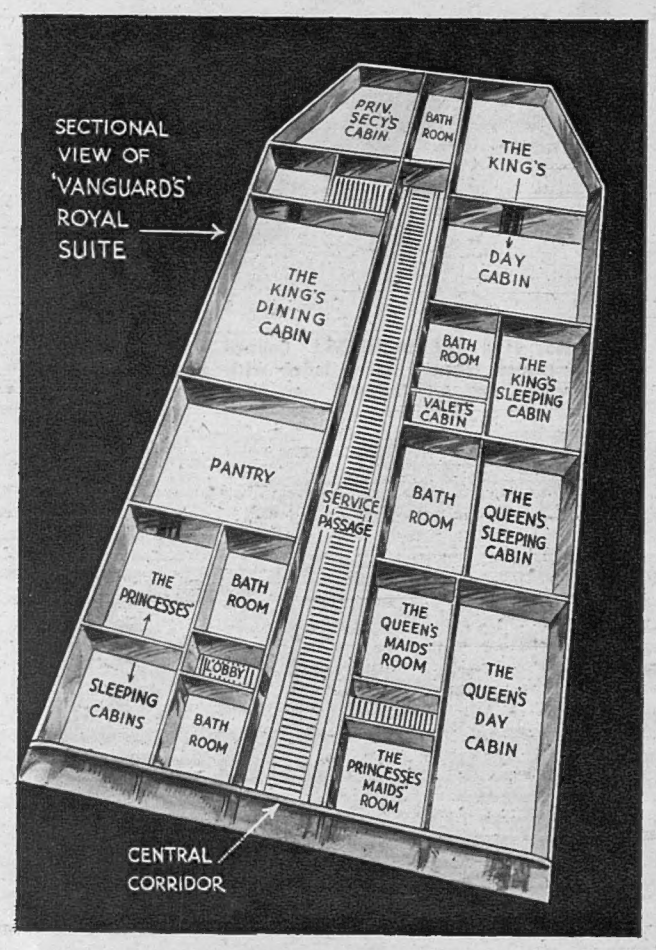
A Frank Survey of Present Conditions in the Union

By FERDINAND TUOHY

A RECENT message from Cape Town finished on the note: "The Union of South Africa has, in the words of Dante, 'reached that point of life from which there is no turning back.'" Particularly, the reference was to the racial situation, the colour bar with its retarding of non-European betterment and advance, yet the quotation can be made to cover, without strain, the general state of flux and feeling of impending change that inform the whole of current South African life.

It is hard to cite another nation outside Europe which looks to be bound for such difficult times and adjustments as the Union. They are there for all to note under a dozen different heads, and it was a pity that lack of parliamentary resilience forbade Mr. Attlee touching on the fact, in moving the loyal resolution on the departure of their Majesties and the Princesses.

Whether so intended or not, the Royal Visit is being made to a South Africa experiencing the most difficult hour in its (admittedly short) history, and it will be against such background that the Visit will be judged when it is over, when the cheers have died away.



HOW THE ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS IN H.M.S. "VANGUARD" HAVE BEEN ADAPTED FOR THE USE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY: A sketch showing the Royal Suite in the after-superstructure on the shelter deck of the battleship. These quarters have been specially decorated for the voyage and most of the furniture for the King's use has been taken temporarily from the Royal yacht "Victoria and Albert." Pictures of the cabins will be found on page 189

Considering that it has only 11,000,000 inhabitants, four-fifths of them coloured, the Union has been extraordinarily in the spotlight during the past six or eight months. Indeed, rather too much to please many South Africans who object that foreigners, and especially Americans, show a reprehensible ignorance of Union life and problems, "as if we were a lot of cannibals thumping drums in the bush."

Such was the fierce reaction to what happened at Lake Success where General Smuts found a world against him, on his claim that the Union be allowed to look after ex-German South-West Africa in permanence. South Africans, regardless of party, think a deal of hypocritical camouflage is indulged by Big people who take what they choose, acting unilaterally, and hold up their hands in horror when a nation offers to abide by the decision of the highest court in creation, regarding *its* claim.

At the same time the Union has had to contend with an equally strong offensive coming from the east and relating to the so-called "ghettos for Indians" in Natal. Here, again, South Africans were not slow to retort that people like the Indians who practise appalling differences of caste are no more entitled to criticise Durban's limiting of its Indians to their own quarter, than are Americans qualified to criticise the Union's native policy in South-West or anywhere else, in view of the lynchings and disabilities under which the negroes still suffer in the United States.

This may sound too much like giving a Roland for an Oliver, and being ready to repeat the compliment at any time, yet I only present the mood that prevails from Smuts' United Party, through Malan's Afrikanders to Havenga's Liberal wing of Nationalism, right round to Pirow's Herrenvolk (now somewhat in abeyance, but not at all unlikely to stage a come-back). What, of course, the "Rolands" do not do, is mark an advance towards a solution of the native or "non-European" problem which dominates all the rest, even a gold crisis.

The state of the natives is bad, and has been getting worse since their increased induction into industry. Their spokesmen complain of low wages and lack of opportunity, no land tenure and unreasonable taxation, severe police laws unapplicable to whites, lack of any direct political or municipal representation, deliberate keeping down of education and hygiene. The answer to all of which is best summed up in Malan's affirmation of a White South Africa.

While agreeing that it would make for economic health to widen the natives' purchasing power, any further emancipation in that direction, tending to draw whites and coloured on a level, would spell the commencement of a steady process of suicide on the part of the whites in view of the extent of the minority in which they find themselves. The whites—and the British element more than the Afrikaan—are improving native education, and they will do more than at present for housing and health, but they will not grant the franchise or trade-union rights, and there will continue to be one law for the white and one for the coloured.

South African Liberals are resolved that if they came out against this attitude, Malan's Nationalists would romp home in the 1948 or 1949 elections, and that this would mean many years of Boer reaction at the least, and a quick independent Republic devoid of Commonwealth links, as the more likely sequel.

It is also made clear that much of the newly strident coloured unrest is traceable to Communist propaganda introduced from outside. Newspapers and magazines to hand certainly bear this out: one has only to note the same old succession of signatures to articles. Not that other Jews in the Union are in any way involved: quite the reverse. Very well established, among the gold millionaires, not a few of these Jews stand to lose too much from Communism. Nevertheless, the latter is definitely among South Africa's problems, as the recent sedition trial at Cape Town showed.

Why all the increased international interest in Union affairs? The correct answer is probably also the simplest: gold never having played such a role, the prospect of more gold in South Africa has provoked widespread attention.

Meanwhile, the price of gold, which is fixed internationally, is a constant source of worry in the Union. One side argues that if the cost of mining gold is permitted to overtake the price of gold, South Africans will cut from beneath them the one branch of the national tree upon which they all now are sitting. The opposition point to the huge gold-mining profits, refuse all thought of a reduction in mining taxation, and would continue to use the gold mines to subsidise and assist primary and secondary industries.

This issue over the mines—which contribute £27,000,000 a year to the Treasury and go a long way towards keeping income tax so refreshingly low in the Union—this mines issue looms almost as largely as the racial problem at the present time. It looms the larger because of the new "Rand" due to open operations a few years hence, in the Orange Province. Already Malan is talking of working these new goldfields for the African people, not for capitalism. But that is for to-morrow. Just now attention is on the Rand mines which, with strikes and deterioration, being "worked out" and too dear production, have become a victim of the rising spiral of costs.

So one side cries out: "Natural wealth first—gold and diamonds! A brake on our economic programme! Gold mining can no longer act as the rich fairy godmother to the railways, the farmer and the manufacturer!" And the other side comes back lustily with: "Tax the mines more heavily and step up salaries and wages! Develop secondary industries! Develop South Africa!"

Intertwined is the vast subject of immigration. General Smuts wants millions of new European settlers for two reasons: to draw upon the non-European population, and to develop and build a stronger, bigger South Africa to face the Atomic Age. Dr. Daniel François Malan says there are too many already in the Union, with insufficient roots there. He wants power to lie with the real white South Africans already dug in—with accent on the Afrikander element—and holds that, anyway, no such flood of new settlers as Smuts calls for can be acquired and housed in any forseeable time.

Meanwhile the Union has opened emigration offices in Rome and Amsterdam before London, and the lack or mismanagement of shipping, coupled with the desire to keep young people in Britain, risks seeing this Dominion settled with more non-British than British in the immediate years ahead.

One aspect I can treat with as a result of close information: people should not go to South Africa with the idea of settling there unless they are assured of, or are qualified for, specific jobs, and unless they are reasonably certain of having a roof over their heads, and are prepared to face exceptional outlay in the first months. For the Union is becoming a dear place to live in, and the Royal Visit will not make it cheaper. The public is being summoned all the time to help the Government by living less expansively, but so far to small purpose. There is a fever of speculation and Witdeeps and Rooderands are the normal coin of conversation.

Alone, the housing problem is a knock-out, due to post-war converging on the urban centres; and now food shortages are commencing to make themselves felt as well. Nor is the situation improved by a sharp decline in the purchasing power of the pound to ten or eleven shillings compared with 1939. A decline which has stimulated the customary heated debate: shall we devalue or prune expenditure? A vital estimate has it that if the currency were devalued by 25 per cent., gold-mining revenue would jump by £25,000,000 a year, and the value of other South African exports be increased proportionately.

We are about to be regaled with things South African, both in our newspapers and on the air. Most of it is likely to be on the rosy side, as becomes the accompanying of a Royal Tour. I thought it might be a good thing to mention, however inadequately, some of the circumstances which go to make the present the young Union's most difficult hour yet. It seems to me that people far away talk with too much facility of racial equality, and that such talk comes singularly ill from a nation that doesn't practise this commendable conduct at home, and has lately been sending a shipload of merchandise every forty-eight hours to Union ports, though the average, I believe, is one a week.

THE SPACIOUS CABIN OF THE KING'S VIKING: An interior view of one of the aircraft of the King's Flight which will be used on some of the longer journeys in South Africa, and probably on the trip from Pretoria to Bulawayo and the Victoria Falls, Rhodesia. The King and Queen will each use a separate Viking, and the most elaborate precautions have been made in order to ensure safety, special shock-proof petrol tanks being fitted

THE ROYAL QUARTERS ABOARD H.M.S. "VANGUARD"

THE KING'S DAY CABIN ON BOARD H.M.S. "VANGUARD": A tastefully furnished room striking a note of homely comfort in the Admiral's quarters on the shelter deck, just above the upper deck of the great vessel. Two of the chair coverings show galleons in sail on a sea-green background with knotted ropes

THE QUEEN'S DAY CABIN: The room has been modified with much skill and, like the King's cabin, strikes a simple, homely note. Much attention has been paid to the ventilation apparatus, as the "Vanguard" is spending several days in tropical waters

THE QUEEN'S SLEEPING CABIN: The Queen chose the scheme for all the apartments, and, in the interests of economy, would not permit expensive panelling

A CORNER OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S SLEEPING CABIN: It is situated at one corner of the shelter deck, and, with three portholes, cooling breezes are assured even amidst intense equatorial heat

LANTERNS ADORN THE QUARTER-DECK NEAR THE ROYAL APARTMENTS: A picturesque addition to the "Vanguard" for the period of the Royal voyage to the Cape

PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE ROYAL DINING-ROOM: Warrant Officer F. W. Pardy, Keeper and Steward of the Royal apartments on board H.M.S. "Vanguard," arranging one of the dining-room chairs. Most of this furniture comes from the Royal yacht "Victoria and Albert," but some of the furniture in the other apartments has been made in the Portsmouth Naval Dockyard workshops. As the Royal suite is situated on the shelter deck in the quarters usually provided for a Commander-in-Chief and his staff, the living quarters of the *Vanguard's* officers are thus not affected. Economy has been observed wherever possible, and this can be noted in such details as the cabin bulkheads, which have been left unpanelled with their stiffeners and rivets exposed. Among the pictures used for decorating the cabins are the "Cries of London," lent by the Queen. A telephone system, with its own switchboard, connects all the Royal apartments

A SLAG-HEAP IN THE WELSH COALFIELDS THREATENS THE COLLIERS' COTTAGES : A view looking down from the summit of the 1,000-ft. slag-heap at Glanamman, near Ammanford, on to the houses which are threatened with engulfment. Hardly a day passes without the tenants having to shovel debris from their gardens

Subsidences, as a result of large areas being undermined, are no rarity in the coalfields, but it is not often that the slag-heaps which disfigure the countryside, although appearing as a constant eyesore, ever constitute an active danger to the community. The great tip near Ammanford is, it seems, a notable exception, and for a long while past it has given cottagers in the vicinity strong cause for complaint, as vast heaps of slag have avalanched into their gardens. Much more serious news came recently from a lesser-known mining area, West Calder, in Midlothian, where fourteen men lost their lives in the shale-pit disaster. On the next page Mr. Whitaker gives an impression of this explosion, which has caused such mourning in Midlothian. Wentworth Woodhouse, the great open-cast coal-mine on Earl Fitzwilliam's estate, is in the news again, and it will be seen how the workings now encroach across the gardens and right up to the doors of the mansion

NEWS FROM THE MINING AREAS

The Moving Slag-Heap at Glanamman
Open-cast Workings at Wentworth
The West Calder Disaster

THE PROGRESS OF OPEN-CAST COAL-MINING AT WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE—A VIEW SHOWING HOW THE EXCAVATION OF THE PROPERTY HAS NOW REACHED THE VERY DOORS OF EARL FITZWILLIAM'S HISTORIC MANSION : In issues of "The Sphere" on April 20 and April 27 last year details were given of the open-cast coal-mining activities at this celebrated Yorkshire estate near Rotherham. At the time a bitter controversy was raging between Mr. Shinwell, Minister of Fuel and Power, and Mr. J. A. Hall, President of the Yorkshire Mineworkers' Association, the former declaring that the coal from Wentworth must be obtained at all costs and the latter urging that further mining of the property amounted to vandalism. Mr. Shinwell won his point, and during the past ten months the open-cast workings have been extended from the parkland at Wentworth across the gardens and right up to Earl Fitzwilliam's historic mansion. Much-needed coal for our industrial drive has been yielded by the Wentworth site, and in due course, the ground will be levelled off and prepared again for cultivation. Agriculturists declare, on the other hand, that real restoration is impossible as the soil has been disturbed to such depth. Wentworth Woodhouse is the largest private residence in England. Last year, Lord Fitzwilliam offered it as a gift to the nation

A MAN-MADE MOUNTAIN ON THE MOVE—THE GREAT SLAG-HEAP AT GLANAMMAN WHICH TOWERS ABOVE THIS MINING VILLAGE IN THE WELSH VALLEYS AND IS THREATENING SOME OF THE COTTAGES WITH DESTRUCTION: The tip is 1,000 ft. high and is made up of 500,000 tons of rock, shale and clay brought from underground and deposited at the summit by aerial ropeway. The remains of the tipping apparatus can still be seen at the apex. This tip is constantly on the move, and many of the villagers owning cottages near the base have protested vigorously at the threat which it constitutes to their homes

THE WEST CALDER DISASTER—AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE SCENE IN THE BURNGRANGE SHALE PIT AS RESCUE PARTIES FOUGHT TO SAVE THE LIVES OF FOURTEEN ENTOMBED MINERS: **Working amid blinding flames, scorching heat and dense smoke, they laboured for hours to reach the trapped men, but as they advanced, crumbling roofs had to be propped and at one point the men reported that the walls were white-hot.** Eventually all further hope was abandoned, and when at length the men were reached they were all dead. Another man died when struggling to safety, making the total death roll 15. As a result of the tragedy, forty children have been rendered fatherless and the whole town of West Calder has been plunged into mourning. The mine, which belongs to Young's Paraffin Light and Mineral Oil Company, was sunk ten years ago, and it is said to be the most modern in the shale-oil industry. Since the disaster there has been considerable criticism in Midlothian of some of the Press stories published at the time, and one Sunday newspaper has been indicted for its inhumane treatment of the story—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

AFTERMATH OF THE PERSIAN CENTRAL GOVERNMENT'S VICTORY IN AZERBAIJAN: Mesdaghi, the Democrat Mayor of Maragheh and a supporter of the defeated Pishevari, seen as he was about to be led out to the gallows. He was only one of many pro-Russian supporters who were hanged recently in Maragheh, and it seems that throughout the Azerbaijan province, which almost won autonomy and has now been brought back into the fold, those who defied the Persian Central Government of Teheran are now paying the penalty, despite assertions that there might be an amnesty. The Mayor of Maragheh, it appears, came to Azerbaijan from the Caucasus, and he was a life-long supporter of the Soviet. In 1943-44 he was active in the Communist Party in Hungary. His leader, Pishevari, Premier of Azerbaijan, has taken refuge on Russian soil

HAS HE BEEN THE CENTRE OF A RESTORATION PLOT?—THE MAN WHO RULED THE MONARCHY WITH THE VACANT THRONE AND WHO IS NOW A "POLITICAL RECLUSE" IN THE UNITED STATES ZONE OF GERMANY: Admiral Nicholas Horthy (right), for twenty-four years Regent of Hungary, seen with members of his family in the living-room of their modest home in Weilheim, Bavaria. Reading from left to right are Eugen Horthy, the Admiral's brother; Ilona Horthy, his daughter-in-law; Istvan Horthy, a grandson, and Mrs. Horthy. The ex-Regent, who describes himself as a "political recluse," declares that he has been completely out of touch with political affairs since Hitler ordered his arrest in October 1944 and had him conveyed to a concentration camp. Technically Horthy is regarded by the American authorities as under town arrest, and he is expected to report twice monthly to the United States Military Government. At the end of last month there were reports of a conspiracy in Hungary to restore the Horthy regime, and six of the leaders are said to be under arrest at the moment. Evidence regarding the plot is, at the time of writing, extremely scanty, but it appears to have involved the Hungarian Smallholders' Party

A Foreign News Survey

THE PLOT TO RESTORE ADMIRAL HORTHY

Retribution in Azerbaijan; Winter in Venice; The "Wanganella" on Barrett's Reef

THERE IS ICE ON THE CANALS AND WATERWAYS OF VENICE—A GONDOLIER PLIES FOR HIRE IN WINTRY CONDITIONS: Venice, in common with London, has experienced several days of exceptional cold. Although the winter temperatures are often very low in Venice, ice is a comparative rarity on the canals. The ice has led many of the gondoliers to keep their craft at their moorings, fearing that the boats will be damaged, as they are not particularly sturdy

THE S.S. "WANGANELLA" STRIKES THE ROCKS OUTSIDE WELLINGTON HARBOUR: The 9,576-ton passenger vessel stuck firm on an outlying portion of Barrett's Reef while waiting for tugs to pull her off at the next high tide. The *Wanganella* was making her first trans-Tasman voyage from Sydney to Wellington, following her conversion from a hospital ship to a passenger liner. She struck the rocks just before midnight, and her passengers, among whom was Lord Nuffield, were soon afterwards taken ashore. The stranding is especially unfortunate, as it was expected that the *Wanganella* would do a great deal to relieve the travel situation between Australia and New Zealand

THE "VEROLOCK" IS WELL AND TRULY AGROUND: This ex-British Royal Naval corvette left London in tow at the beginning of January, and, after breaking adrift, she was next seen in this position on the Kerneguen Rocks near Brest. The *Verolock* was bound for Shanghai, but it seems probable that she will never reach her objective. The first party which tried to board her was turned back by heavy seas beating over the ship and through the fact that the rocks were very heavily coated with oil fuel. Large numbers of these corvettes are now doing post-war duty in the merchant marine

FIELD-MARSHAL MILCH PLANS HIS DEFENCE: The former Luftwaffe leader and lieutenant of Goering consulting his brother, Dr. Werner Milch (right), of Hagen, Westphalia, during one of the latter's visits to Nuremberg Gaol. Milch has been standing his trial at Nuremberg on charges of aiding and abetting the use of slave labour and also of permitting high-altitude experiments on inmates of Dachau camp. Many victims died as a result of these human "guinea-pig" experiments, and many others suffered grave injury. Milch was at one time Secretary of State in the German Air Ministry

AIRBORNE MEN SAY GOOD-BYE TO PALESTINE: Captain Edward Cutbill and Major Paddy Brett, D.S.O., of the 2nd Brigade of the 6th Airborne Division, seen before going aboard the troopship "Alcantara" at the start of the brigade's voyage back to England. Major Brett, it will be remembered, was kidnapped and flogged by Jewish terrorists at Nathaniya, and subsequently he identified one of his captors. While the brigade has been in Palestine it has borne a full share in the unwelcome activities of the past year

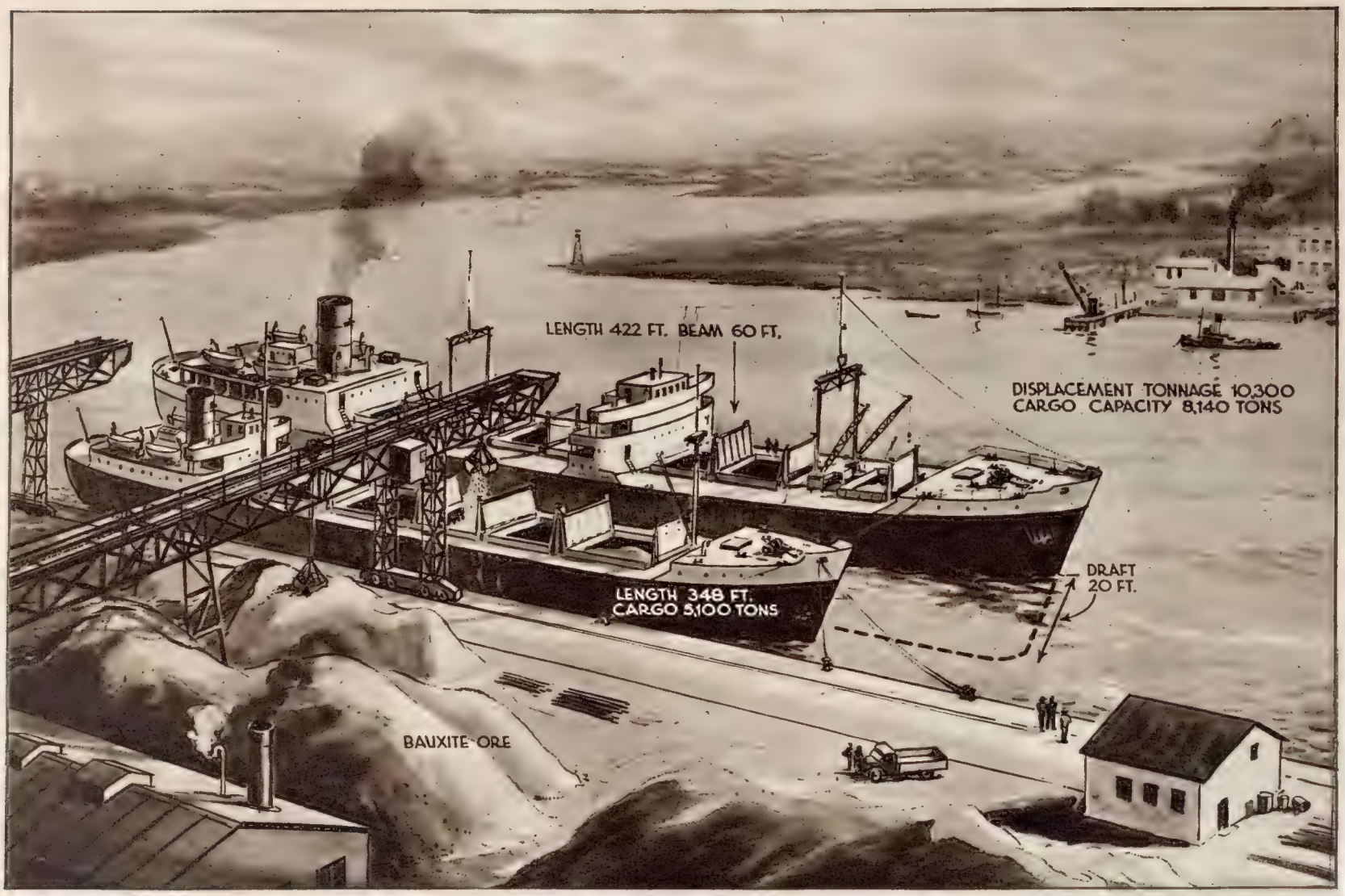
HOW THE INDO-CHINESE REPUBLICANS HAVE BEEN WAYLAYING THE FRENCH CONVOYS: This picture from the Tong-King front shows Viet-Minh prisoners filling in a tank trap which their comrades had prepared on the Haiphong-Hanoi road. The trap was most cunningly prepared, and on investigation the French found that at the foot of the hole a 155-mm. shell had been placed and adjusted to explode the moment any considerable weight came in contact with it

BRITAIN'S ASTRONOMER ROYAL IS HONOURED BY BELGIUM: Sir Harold Spencer Jones (second from right) seated with distinguished representatives of French, Dutch and Swiss Universities when he received the Diploma of Honoris Causa conferred by Brussels University. On the left is Professor Chaudron, of the Sorbonne, and on the right is M. Sebevre, Professor at the College of France. Only recently Sir Harold was similarly honoured in Scandinavia on the occasion of the Tycho Brahe commemoration

Shipping News

ALL-ALUMINIUM FREIGHTERS

A New Idea in Ship Construction in the United States



AMERICA PLANS TO BUILD TWO ALL-ALUMINIUM SHIPS—SHALLOW-DRAUGHT CARGO-CARRIERS WHICH MAY SAVE AS MUCH AS 50 PER CENT. IN THE WEIGHT OF HULLS : These two ships, which are to be used for carrying bauxite ore from Surinam, Netherlands Guiana, to Trinidad, where the ore will be transferred to deep-draught freighters, have been designed by two firms of New York engineers, and the Aluminium Company of America predicts that they may entirely revolutionise ship design in the immediate future. The larger vessel will have a displacement tonnage of 10,300 and a cargo-carrying capacity of 8,140 tons. The use of aluminium alloys in shipbuilding, the culmination of years of experimentation, will permit a prefabricated structure much lighter and integrally as strong as the usual steel structure, and the cargo capacity will be increased immensely. Aluminium possesses excellent resistance to corrosion—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

A WONDER TUG THAT PLAYED ITS PART IN THE WAR EFFORT : This scale model of the "Minion," a powerful Diesel-driven craft which was built for the Admiralty in the war, is on view at the Shipbuilding and Shipping Exhibition in the New Hall of the Royal Horticultural Society, Westminster. The model was actually made by a foreman pattern-maker of a Dartmouth shipbuilding firm, and was entered in the model-building competition run in conjunction with the exhibition, and for which prizes were offered by the Shipwrights' Company. Many models have been made by teams

A SCALE MODEL OF THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" : Another exhibit in the model section at the Shipbuilding Exhibition

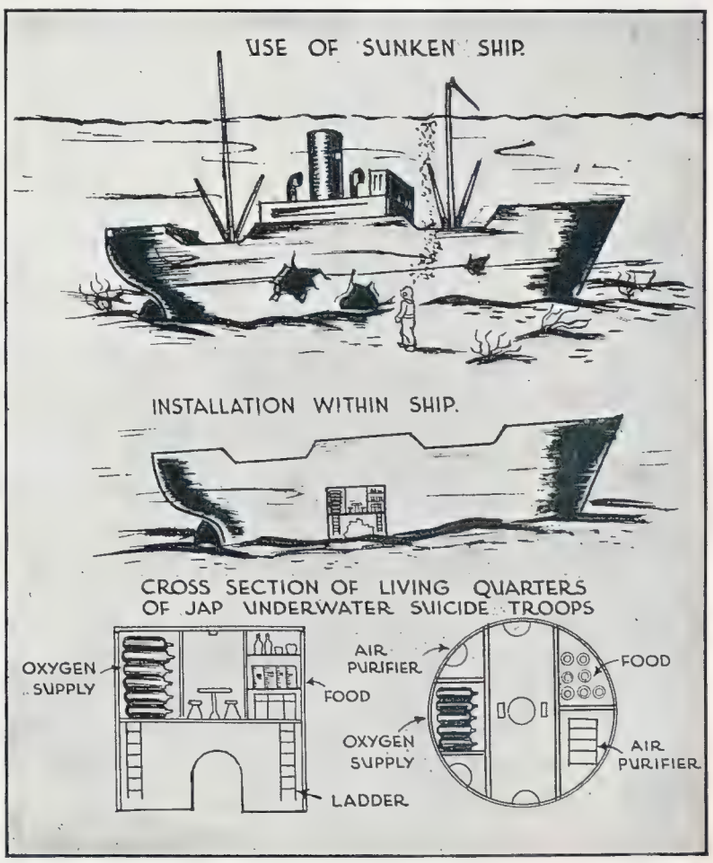
THE UNSINKABLE LIFEBOAT IS TO MAKE AN ATLANTIC VOYAGE : An artist's impression of the "Reliance," a craft invented by Mr. H. A. Gaskin, of London, which is claimed to be unsinkable, uncapsizeable and self-emptying. Next May it is to be transported by liner to mid-Atlantic, and Mr. Gaskin, accompanied by a crew of three, will attempt to reach New York, a distance of 1,500 miles. A prototype of the *Reliance* has passed successfully the stringent tests of the Board of Trade and American authorities. The craft is 45 ft. long and 10 ft. broad : it is described as two boats fashioned bottom-to-bottom. If either section is uppermost, an air cushion underneath makes it non-capsizeable. The Diesel engine will work in either position, and the non-return valves will empty the boat of water and save baling. *Reliance* has a capacity of 80 passengers and crew, and space for water and food for six months. Mr. Gaskin has been working on this project since the days of the *Titanic* tragedy

HOW THE JAPANESE NAVY ADAPTED SUNKEN FREIGHTERS AS FOXHOLES FOR THEIR DIVER SUICIDE SQUADS: A diagrammatic sketch showing where the men lived in their self-contained diving suits. They were able to remain beneath the surface for eight hours at a time, and after a brief spell of fresh air to return to the depths, where they would await their opportunity to plant a mine against the hull of some passing ship. The Japanese naval authorities were planning to produce whole battalions of these suicide divers, and if the war had continued they would have been used when the Allied warships approached the coast of Japan. Full details of the elaborate plan have been discovered by the United States Naval Mission in Japan—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE UNDER-WATER FOXHOLE

A Remarkable Expedient Employed by the Japanese Navy

Japanese fanaticism carried the nation far along the road to victory in the East, and in the hour of her defeat it was even more marked. The underwater foxholes depicted on this page were never employed to any vast extent, but at the time of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs, which brought a sudden end to the conflict, the Japanese Navy were drilling whole battalions of men for these suicide diving operations, which would undoubtedly have caused the loss of many Allied ships as they approached the Japanese homeland. One part of the plan, discovered by the U.S. Naval Mission to Japan, was to install foxholes beneath Tokyo Bay and do or die attacks would undoubtedly have been made on our warships as the invasion assault went forward



THE DIVER AND HIS UNDERWATER HOME: A sketch-map showing the details of the self-contained suit (*left*) and the way in which the divers installed themselves in the hulls of wrecked ships (*right*). Additional oxygen supplies and liquid food were stored in the ships and also the mines used for blowing up Allied ships. Tokyo Bay was to have been a big centre of such operations

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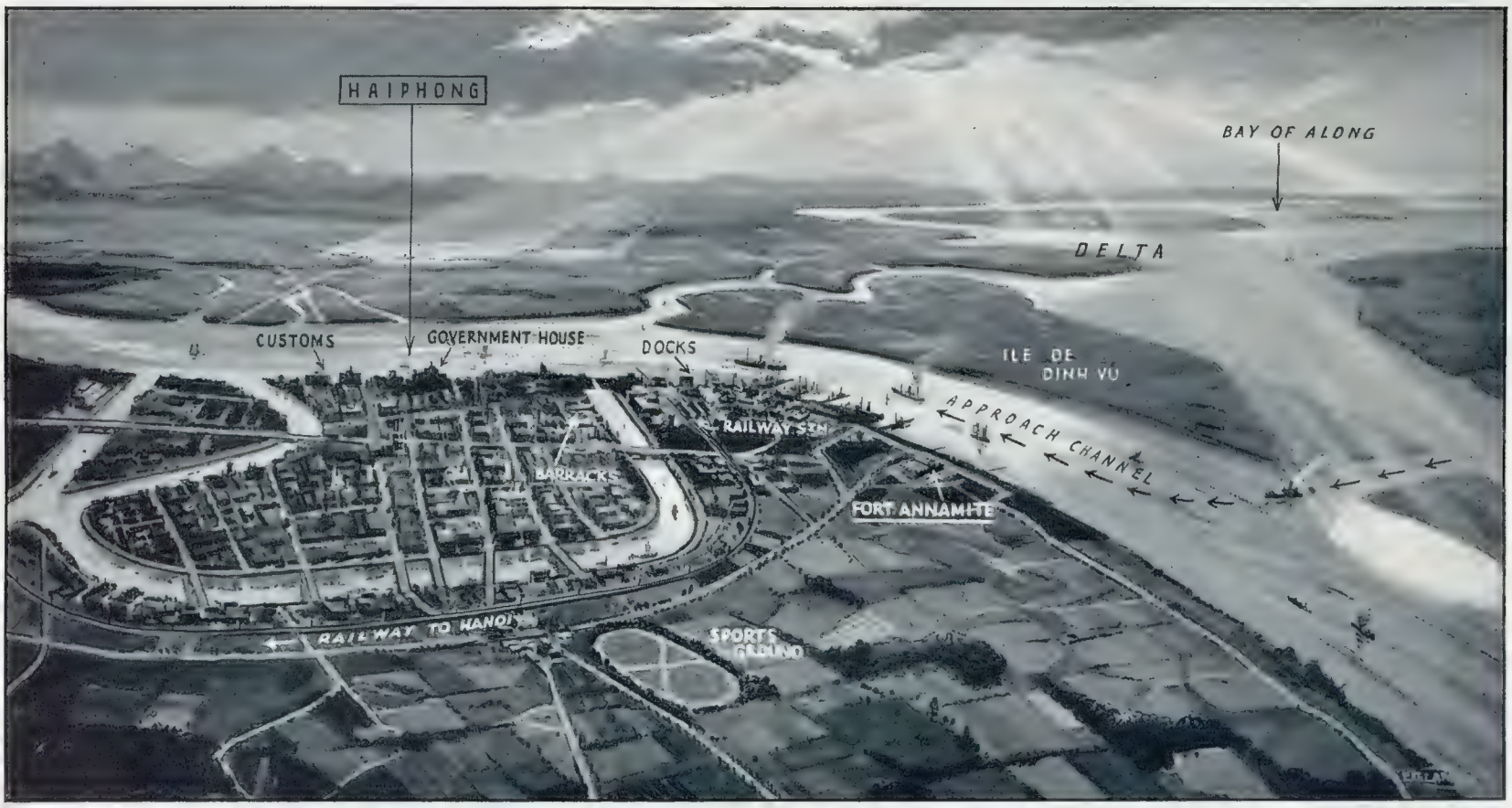


THE KEY TO THE FRENCH POSITIONS IN NORTHERN INDO-CHINA—THE CITY AND SEAPORT OF HAIPHONG, THROUGH WHICH THE FRENCH ARE BRINGING REINFORCEMENTS TO HELP THEIR HARD-PRESSED GARRISONS THROUGHOUT TONG-KING: Haiphong, standing on the right bank of the Kua-Kam, has figured largely in the recent news, and when the Indo-Chinese Republicans made their treacherous attack on the French garrison 60 miles away at Hanoi, they actually succeeded for a time in cutting off Hanoi from Haiphong. Last month, however, the road block was broken and the French garrison was once again able to draw supplies from its naval base. Haiphong is a well-laid-out city with architecture typical of the French colonial style—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

HAIPHONG AND THE WAR IN INDO-CHINA

The Progress of a Tragic Conflict in the Far East

The war in Indo-China (and despite the soft pedalling of certain sections of the Press it is civil war upon a tragic scale) showed no signs at the beginning of February of being brought to a conclusion at the conference table. The Communist supporters of Viet-Nam, the free state created from the former French colonies of Tong-King and Annam and instituted with the co-operation of the French Government, were evidently determined to press their claims by force for complete control of Indo-China accepting nothing less than an Annamese-dominated Federation, in which they would no doubt like to include Cambodia Laos and Cochin-China, with Tong-King and Annam

The French, believing in a policy of gradualness, cannot accede to such sweeping demands, but, once they have restored the *status quo*, they have declared their willingness to negotiate. When the civil war began at the close of 1946

the French garrisons were subjected to surprise attack, but they managed to hold out against the well-armed Annamese, even though they were for a while very hard-pressed at Hanoi, and for a brief period cut off from their vital base at Haiphong. At the time of writing the French have begun to get the upper hand, and the Viet-Namese are resorting more and more to guerilla tactics. Not until French reinforcements take the field in strength, however, can the situation be expected to alter markedly for the better. The fighting in and around Hanoi has been on a large scale, and the city now presents scenes of wreckage and devastation reminiscent of Europe in 1945

A FRENCH WARSHIP ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN THE BAY OF ALONG—A GUNBOAT PASSING A NATIVE CRAFT WHEN CARRYING OUT PATROL DUTIES AT THE VITAL APPROACHES TO THE PORT OF HAIPHONG, THE FRENCH NAVAL BASE IN TONG-KING AND THE SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE HANOI GARRISON: The Bay of Along is a place of extraordinary scenic interest, and, coupled with Angkor, it is one of the great marvels of Indo-China. The Bay is an inlet from the Gulf of Tong-King and extends over about 100 square miles. Rocks of fantastic shape rise out of the water. Tiny islands litter its expanse. There are inlets like fjords, but bordered with tropic vegetation and rocks which form grottoes. "My memory of the bay," wrote Hermann Norden, a distinguished travel-writer, "is of a scene of ultimate and chaotic beauty. Descent of the Dragon is the translation of the name. In Chinese myth, the Dragon, who is the great spirit of the sea, descended from Heaven to direct the currents of these waters"

The MYSTERY of the MAGI

A Museum Treasure with No Recorded History

"AND WHEN THEY HAD OPENED THEIR TREASURES THEY PRESENTED UNTO HIM GIFTS; GOLD, AND FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH": This magnificent but mysterious carving, known as "The Adoration of the Magi," was acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum from the Webb Collection in 1866, and it is now on special exhibition at the Museum. The carving, which is approximately the same size as this reproduction indicates, is one of the most intriguing objects of its kind, as it is without any recorded history beyond the fact that it was in the Soltikoff Collection before becoming part of the Webb Collection. The carving has no counterpart in ivory or stone either at the Victoria and Albert or at any other museum in Western Europe, and around it controversy has always existed among the savants. In some circles it is thought that the carving is probably English work of the eleventh or twelfth century, but no expert can speak with any certainty, and there are few clues to guide them. The detail of the carving in many ways suggests Byzantine origin, but most of the experts say that the panel is not from the Eastern Mediterranean, and that it is in the West that its origin must be sought. Spain and North-Western France have had their protagonists, but of recent years opinion has hardened in favour of British workmanship. The shape of the panel is obviously controlled by the whalebone on which it has been carved. As seen to-day, the surface shows a smooth, rich ivory colour. The Virgin Mary is seated under a canopy on the right-hand side of the design; the three Kings appear on the left. There is a separate panel above and another below; animal and human forms appear in both. In the lower panel a battle would appear to be raging between the animals, and on the left is a rather wild-looking bowman

PORCELAIN FROM THE CELEBRATED CHELSEA CHINA WORKS: A girl and two boys holding shell-shaped dishes. The group is typical of some of the very fine English porcelain collected by the Duke of Kent and which is to be sold at Christie's on March 14

THE KENT ART TREASURES

Part of the Late Duke's Collection Which is To Be Sold at Auction

A PAIR OF SÈVRES OBLONG JARDINIÈRES PAINTED WITH DOMESTIC SCENES IN PANELS WITH GILT FOLIAGE AND SCROLL BORDERS: One of the many examples of Continental porcelain which are included in the sale of the late Duke of Kent's art treasures

The late Duke of Kent collected, over a period of years, with great care and judgment, old English furniture, fine porcelain and objects of art, pictures and silver with the intention of furnishing a larger country house than Coppins, as well as a London house. As the Duchess of Kent intends to continue living at Coppins and has no London residence at present, she has decided to dispose of a portion of the collection, which has been removed from Windsor Castle and Fort Belvedere. This portion has been sent to Christie's for sale on March 12-14. The sale is likely to attract the widest interest, and chief attention will no doubt be directed to the three classic works by Claude which the late Duke of Kent bought in May 1940. It was at a time when Britain's fortunes were at a low ebb, and these magnificent canvases fell to his agent's bid at what was undoubtedly a bargain price. Had they not been sold at that time the pictures would probably not have been in existence to-day, as they were in Captain Robert Brassey's Collection at his house in Berkeley Square, and the house was subsequently destroyed in the blitz.

The main portion of the late Duke's art collection consists of English and French furniture, and some truly magnificent examples of English and Continental porcelain, also figures of the Ch'ien Lung period.

"THE LANDING OF ÆNEAS IN ITALY," BY CLAUDE GELÉE, POPULARLY KNOWN AS CLAUDE LE LORRAIN, THE GREAT FRENCH LANDSCAPE PAINTER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: This magnificent canvas, over 7 ft. wide, was bought by the late Duke of Kent in 1940, and the sale aroused so little interest that the price paid was no more than 800 guineas, whereas in 1884 the picture had fetched 3,800 guineas at auction. Together with three other works by Claude, the picture will be offered in the auction at Christie's on March 14. "The Landing of Æneas" is typical of the superb classical landscapes in which Claude purposely allied the literary association of some great theme with the poetic quality of his own pictorial conception. He made no attempt at the naturalism which arrived later with Constable and the Impressionists. The picture exhibits on the left a broad river, which extends its devious course through a hilly country and blends with the distant ocean. The opposite side is distinguished by a mass of rocky cliffs, on whose sides and summits are buildings, consisting chiefly of round and square towers having the appearance of the outworks of a fortified city. The base of the mountain is concealed by bushes and a cluster of lofty trees grow on the bank of a river. Here two of the ships of the Trojan wanderer have arrived with his armed followers

"PRIESTS SACRIFICING TO APOLLO"—A MASTERPIECE BY CLAUDE GELÉE (CLAUDE LE LORRAIN) WHICH WAS BOUGHT BY THE LATE DUKE OF KENT FOR 1,700 GUINEAS: That a work of this classic character should have been obtained so cheaply was due entirely to the prevailing circumstances of war, and when it is auctioned on March 14 it is possible it will obtain several times that sum. In 1884 it was priced at 5,800 guineas. In all, Claude painted about 400 pictures, and of these the majority are now in England

On left—Claude's "Priests Sacrificing to Apollo" is almost as large a canvas as "The Landing of Æneas in Italy," and both are over 7 ft. wide. Both also need cleaning, but this work is invariably left to the purchaser and never done just before pictures enter the sale room. As a painter of classical landscapes Claude is in a class by himself, and this picture, like so many of his works, is marked by a richness of detail and grandeur of composition which few other landscapists have ever approached

BEAUTY OF CHINESE PORCELAIN : This pair of phœnixes, their plumage enamelled in rich colours, belongs to the Ch'ien Lung period. It is one of fifty Chinese items in the sale

A QUEEN ANNE WALNUT SETTEE : In the furniture section of the sale the Queen Anne period is well represented. This settee has scroll legs and club feet, and has medallions on the border of the seat

PART OF A SET OF SIX CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY CHAIRS : These have straight legs with pierced corner brackets, and the seats and backs are adorned with needlework with panels of classical figures, birds and flowers on a brown floral ground-work. The upholstery is done both in coloured silks and wools

THE ELEGANCE OF WALNUT : Another Queen Anne settee which figures in the furniture section of the Kent sale. It has a double back, with vase-shaped centres carved at the top with shells and foliage. The cabriole legs are carved with shells and ball-and-claw feet. The seat is covered with needlework, the flowers and foliage being carried out with much elaboration in coloured silks on a black ground

ONE OF A SET OF EIGHTEEN CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY CHAIRS : The centres of the backs are pierced with arches and the tops are carved with sprays of flowers and foliage with corded borders. The straight legs and the borders of the seats are carved with latticework in a well-known design

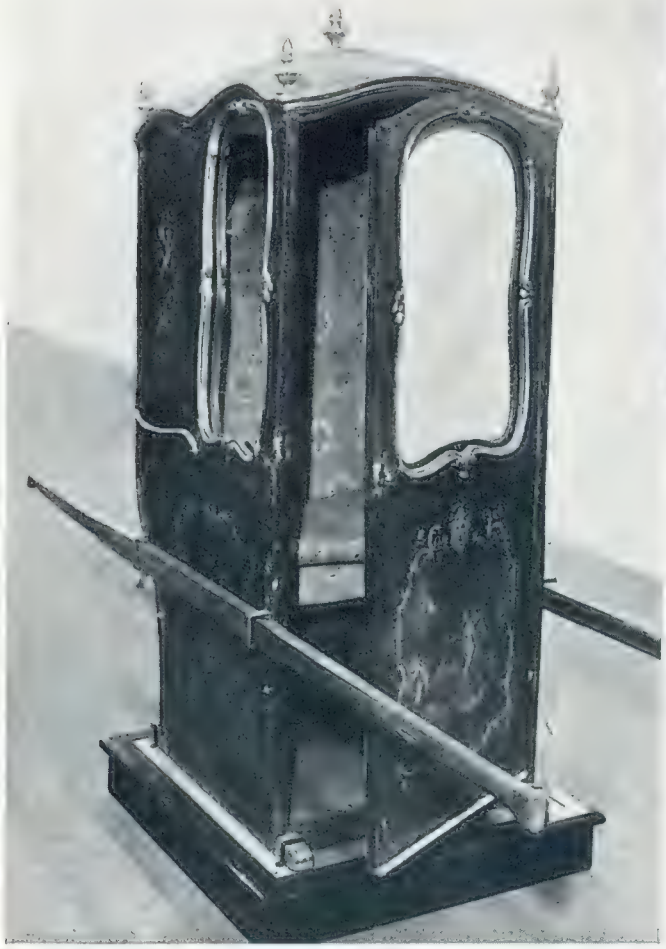
A CANDELABRUM FORMED OF A VASE OF DERBY-SHIRE SPA : It is in purple and grey and mounted in the manner of Mathew Boulton, with ormolu laurel festoons tied by ribands and scroll branches. The scroll branches for four lights are supported by caryatid male figures issuing from acanthus foliage. The base is inlaid with the familiar key pattern

A WALNUT CARD-TABLE REFLECTS THE ART OF THE QUEEN ANNE CABINET-MAKER : Another handsome item in the furniture section. It is one of a pair and is chiefly remarkable for the elegance of the cabriole legs carved with foliage. These terminate in ball-and-claw feet. The frieze is adorned with what are known as gadrooned borders

WHEN TRAVEL WAS ROMANTIC BUT PAINFUL

An Exhibition of Carriages at the Science Museum

A superficial backward glance across the years to the days of privilege, to the colourfully romantic eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the spacious days of the Regency, made so attractive in Conan Doyle's *Rodney Stone* and many another novel, is, as ever, pleasantly deceptive. But pay a visit to the Science Museum, South Kensington, where the exhibition of early carriages is taking place, and some of the aura of romance is shed speedily enough. The chaise that whirled milady and milord across the border to Gretna Green and a romantic marriage is vilely open to the elements, and the runaway bride must surely have presented a grimy spectacle as she stood before the anvil, while the vehicle's springing demanded a hardihood upon the part of travellers that would find no acceptance to-day. As for the travelling carriages in which the gentry made the grand tour, they were hardly more comfortable, and even after Napoleon had made straight the roads of France and metalled them for his armies, it is doubtful if journeying held much pleasure. The present exhibition is full of information for students of history, and it is little wonder that it is attracting great attention



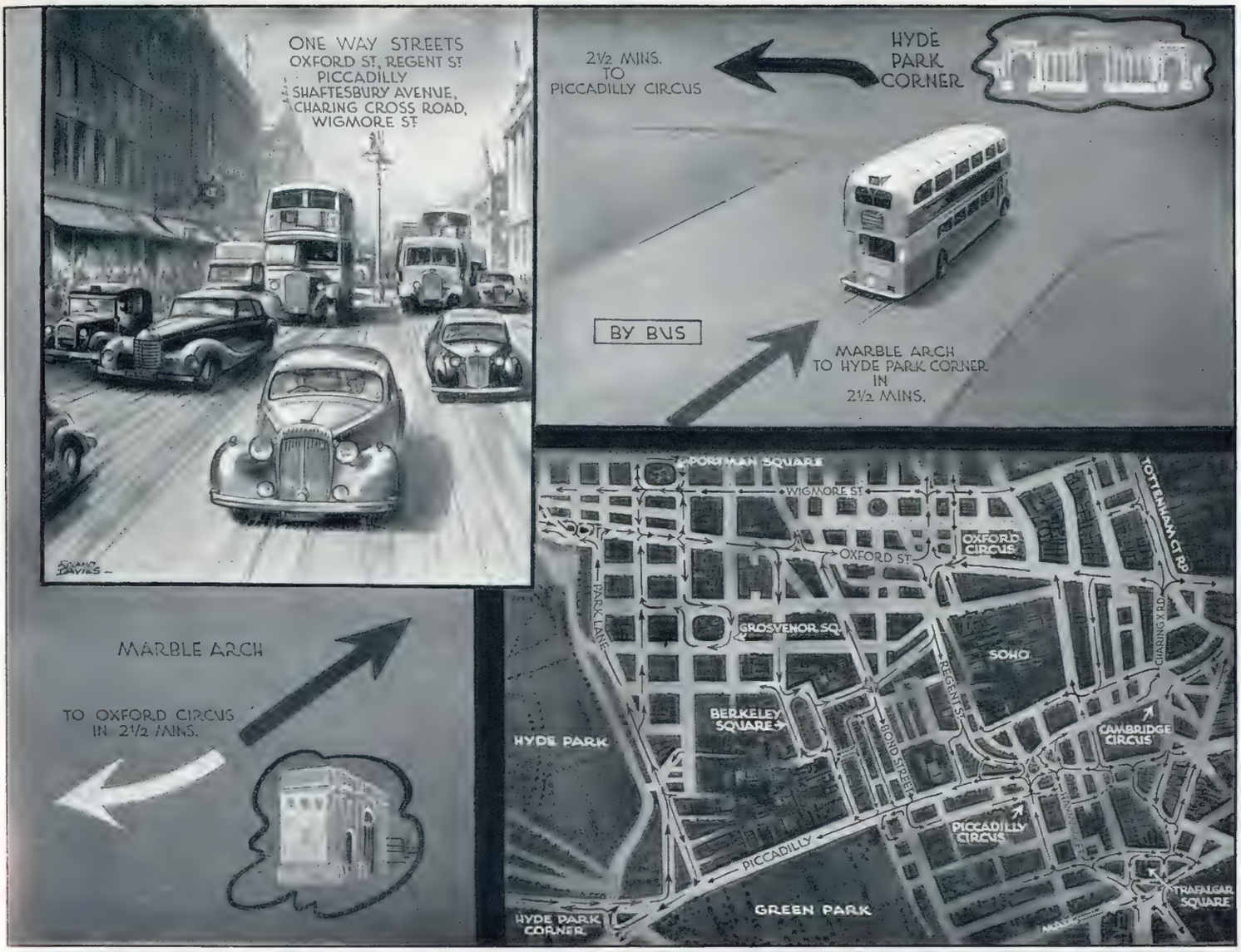
THE TAXI-CAB OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY : A Sedan chair which has been included in the Exhibition of Carriages now being held in Gallery I at the Science Museum, South Kensington. The name Sedan is probably a corruption of an Italian word for chair, since covered chairs carried by men were used at an early date both in Naples and in Genoa ; there is no reliable evidence connecting it with the town of Sedan in France. It is said to have been introduced into England as early as 1581 as a private conveyance, but its most popular period was the eighteenth century, when it was largely used for private transport as well as for hire in the same way as the modern taxi-cab. The urban streets were in bad repair and the chair was preferred to the coach, which on rough roads was noisy and uncomfortable. In the example shown, the frame is covered outside with canvas on which are painted ornate designs on a brown background, while the inside is upholstered with patterned cloth. The lancewood poles are over 8 ft. long

A FRENCH CHAISE OF 1750 VINTAGE : It is one of the newer acquisitions of the Science Museum, and only came into its possession shortly before the war. Before that it had been owned by a private family. These gigs, suspended on two leather straps, set longitudinally, were very popular in England in the eighteenth century

MORE DECORATIVE THAN PRACTICAL : This child's perambulator sleigh, with lavish pictorial adornments but little to offer in the way of comfort, was built some time between 1750 and 1850, possibly in France or Flanders. The runners are painted white, and the decorative panels are varnished. Flanders was a pioneer district in European carriage production

IN THIS THEY MADE THE GRAND TOUR : This vehicle, known as a Britzka, was introduced to England from Austria about the year 1818, and it remained popular until the middle of the century. This one actually made the journey from Chester to Rome, and it is easy to imagine what a journey it must have been across the dusty roads of France at a speed of 30 or 40 miles a day. The servants who sat perched behind endured a full share of dust

On right—**EVERYTHING FOR THE UP-TO-DATE COACHMAN : A group of small coaching articles including a post-horn, a powder-flask, a gun-holster, a satchel with coach-door key, and a driver's licence**



THE ANTROBUS PLAN FOR LONDON'S TRAFFIC, WHICH ALSO HAS THE APPROVAL OF THE A.A. AND R.A.C.: A diagrammatic sketch showing in detail the scheme put forward by Mr. Edward Antrobus, a London taxi-driver. It will be seen from the map that no vehicle going along the main arteries would ever have to cross the path of another, and a journey through London would take on the average about one-fifth or even one-tenth of the present time. Under the Antrobus plan Piccadilly would be one-way east to west, and Park Lane south to north, while Oxford Street from the Marble Arch to Oxford Circus would be west to east, and Regent Street down to Piccadilly Circus would be north to south. Linking up with this section would be one-way routes along such vital feeders as Shaftesbury Avenue and Charing Cross Road. Each of the main routes would be provided with one or more relief streets for reverse traffic—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

DRASTIC REMEDIES
are Suggested for
LONDON'S TRAFFIC PROBLEM

THE BALDWIN-AUGER MECHANICAL CAR-PARK—ANOTHER PART ANSWER TO CENTRAL LONDON'S TRAFFIC PROBLEM: The A.A. declares that parking and garaging in London are hopelessly inadequate, and most motorists agree with them. This mechanical car-park may solve the problem, and the system has recently been tried out with success at the Fraser and Chambers works, Erith. Each car is parked on a movable platform and the number of the platform is recorded on the parking ticket. When the owner calls for his car the attendant presses the appropriate button and the platform does the rest

THE AUTHOR OF THE ANTROBUS PLAN: Mr. Edward Antrobus, the taxi-driver, author of a one-way scheme for London's traffic

Petrol may be rationed and there may be a purchase tax on cars, but there is no gainsaying the fact that London has a monster traffic problem and the outlook for the future, when restrictions are at length removed, is to say the least of it grim. Lately the *News Chronicle* has been devoting deep attention to this subject, and has put forward with energy the one-way scheme devised by Mr. Edward Antrobus and calculated to keep vehicles on the move along all the main arteries of traffic. As a temporary measure, until such time as labour and material are available for carrying out long-term plans, this one-way conception, applied on a far bolder scale than hitherto, has much to commend it, and it falls into line with ideas already expressed by the Automobile Association and the R.A.C. The A.A. have also stressed the need for better parking and garaging arrangements in the Central London area, and have urged the importance of a new survey to determine which streets shall allow parked vehicles and which shall be wholly free. In connection with the parking problem the recent demonstration at Erith of a mechanism for the speedy parking of cars in public garages may prove of value, and it was significant that the apparatus, known as the Baldwin-Auger mechanical car-park, was inspected by Sir Harold Scott, the Metropolitan Police Commissioner. The Baldwin-Auger mechanical car-park consists of moving tracks which can accommodate up to nineteen vehicles in each bay. The mechanism can be used in multi-storeyed buildings

INSIDE THE FLYING WING

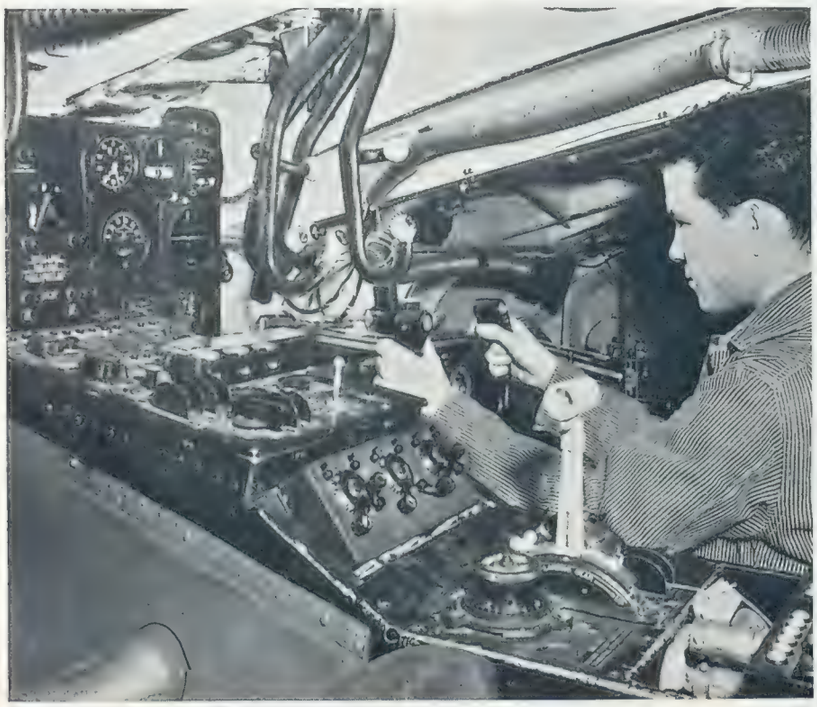
First Pictures Taken Within the Huge Tail-less Bomber Now Being Experimentally Flown in the U.S.

THREE MEN AND THEIR BLISTERS: The navigator of the Northrop flying wing, the 104-ton B-35, is seen in the foreground taking readings through the astrodome. On the left, in the background, is the pilot, Alvin Carson, who has an almost uninterrupted all-round view, and facing aft is one of the machine-gunners. The B-35 is said to be acquitting itself well on tests

From time to time during the past year readers of THE SPHERE have seen pictures of the 104-ton Northrop flying wing, the B-35, as it has gradually passed through the various stages of production to its official tests before being taken over by the United States Army Air Force; and now we are able to show the first photographs of the interior of this monster warplane. The capabilities of the B-35 are still a close secret, although it is rumoured that it can achieve greater speeds than many existing fighters, and at the same time carry more bombs farther and faster than any other aircraft. The flying wing was first conceived twenty-three years ago by John K. Northrop, who is convinced that this is the ideal design for all bombers. The machine carries a crew of fifteen; it has eight bomb bays, and from wing-tip to wing-tip it measures 172 ft. Even with a substantial bomb-load Northrop's state that it will be able to remain aloft for 10,000 miles. No detailed results of the recent tests at Lake Muroc have so far been announced

Below—**THE NORTHROP FLYING WING ON MUROC AIRFIELD: A view of the U.S. Army's monster, which is only slightly smaller than the world's biggest transport built by Consolidated Vultee. The contra-rotating propellers are clearly seen**

THE FLIGHT-ENGINEER OF THE FLYING WING SITS IN FRONT OF HIS IMPOSING INSTRUMENT PANEL: James Taylor carrying out his daily checks on the Northrop B-35, which is now running its tests at Lake Muroc, California. If the prototype is successful a series of the giant Northrop craft will be constructed for the U.S. Army



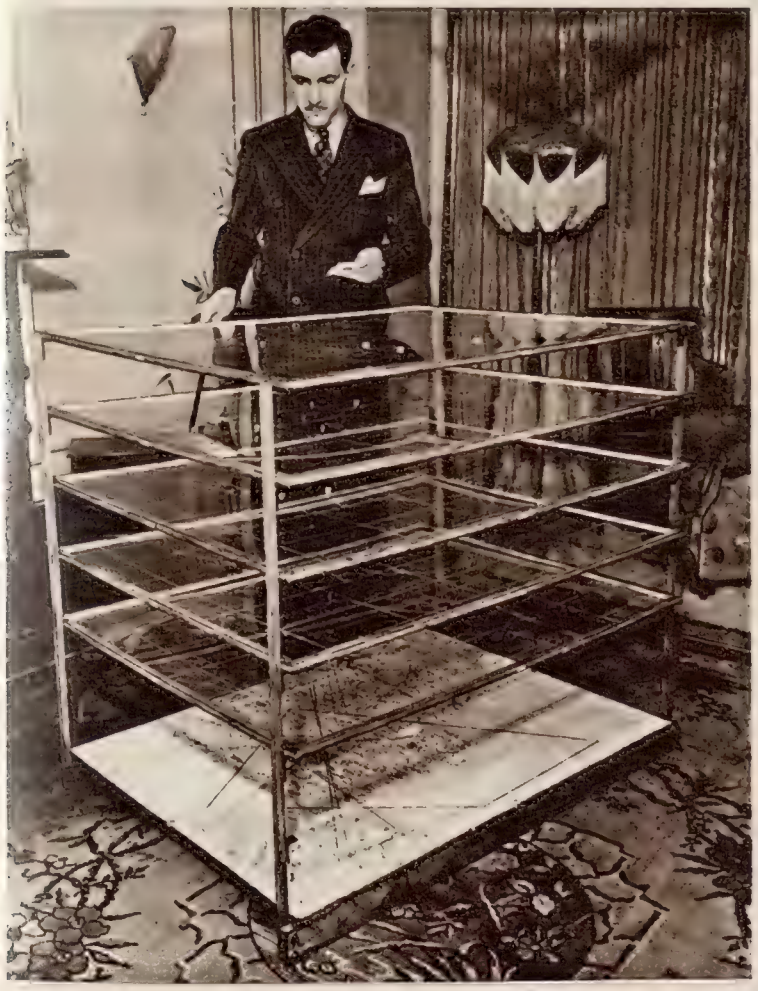
IN THE CO-PILOT'S SEAT: Flight-Engineer James Taylor at the secondary controls of the Northrop flying wing. The fifteen members of the crew are all accommodated in a pressurised centre section about 37 ft. long. The pilot himself is seated in a raised clear-vision nacelle. The co-pilot, as depicted here, has only forward vision

A SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEMS OF TRANS-CONTINENTAL AIR-LINER TRAVEL IN AFRICA—A TUDOR II ON THE LONDON-JOHANNESBURG ROUTE PASSING AN AERODROME WHERE IT COULD ONLY TAKE OFF WITH ROCKET ASSISTANCE : When the Tudor comes into service on this important line it will not be able to carry a full pay-load in view of the limitations of many airfields which, because of their geographic position, cannot extend their runways. It is now suggested that rocket-assisted take-off is the best answer to the problem, and if the idea is adopted the Tudor II will be fitted with a rocket under each wing. This will increase the thrust and improve the rate of acceleration to assure ascent from the short runways and in the more rarefied atmosphere of the highlands between Nairobi and Johannesburg. The rocket-assisted take-off was employed with success on aircraft-carriers during the war, and readers of THE SPHERE may remember pictures in our issue of January 11 showing the system in operation on Nicaraguan airstrips—

Drawing by Roland Davies

AFRICAN AIR-LINERS may use the ROCKET TAKE-OFF

And Other Aviation News of the Moment



A NEW AIR-TRAFFIC CONTROL DEVICE BRINGS INTO PLAY A THIRD DIMENSION : Mr. F. R. Leatherdale, an ex-R.A.F. officer, standing beside his multi-decked plotting table, which he has designed to minimise the risk of accidents and air collisions in future air-line operations when congestion in the sky is a strong probability over important aerodromes. This plotting table has tiers of plastic sheets, each marked with the outline of the coast, the principal airfields and the control zone limits. Aircraft are indicated by small wooden arrows, and the operator can see at a glance whether there are any machines flying at the same level and also in dangerous proximity

A HELICOPTER TO AID THE SEARCH FOR MINERAL WEALTH : Mr. Hans T. Lundberg (left), vice-president of Lundberg-Ryan Air Explorations, Inc., ascending from Buffalo Aerodrome, New York State, in the Model 47 Helicopter in which his firm are planning to search for gold and other minerals in Canada, the United States and South and Central America. The magnetic equipment, which will do the detecting work, is housed in the plastic "teardrop" in front of the cabin

Home News in Pictures

THE ARABS at ST. JAMES'S

London Indians Celebrate Independence Day : Restoring Westminster Hall

Delegates from Egypt, Iraq, Lebanon, Saudi Arabia, Syria, Transjordan and the Yemen, together with the representatives of the Palestine Arabs, met Mr. Ernest Bevin and the United Kingdom delegation in the resumed Palestine Conference at St. James's Palace last week. With the appearance of Effendi Husseini, spokesman of the Palestine Arabs, a new element was introduced to the meeting, as he and his followers had boycotted earlier meetings, but it was not a hopeful note, and Husseini's rejection of partition was accompanied by a speech that left the delegates in no doubt that he continues to regard Britain as "the sole villain of the piece." He paraded the familiar facts regarding the Balfour Declaration, but added nothing constructive to the debate

THE RE-ASSEMBLY OF THE PALESTINE CONFERENCE AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE : Mr. Ernest Bevin welcoming the delegates. The Jewish Agency again decided against participation, but the Palestine Arabs, who boycotted the earlier meetings, appeared in force. On Mr. Bevin's right hand is Mr. Creech Jones, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and on his left hand is Sir Norman Brook, Secretary of the Cabinet

TWO DELEGATES FROM ARABIA : El Sayid Hassan Ahmad Ibrahim and H.R.H. Seif-al-Islam Abdullah were picturesque figures among the numerous Arab delegates in the conference room at St. James's Palace. They represent the Government of the Yemen

THE EGYPTIAN REPRESENTATIVES : Abdel Rahman Hakki Bey, Abdel Fattah Amr Pasha and Abdel Monein Mostafa (Egyptian Consul-General in Jerusalem) seen at the reopening of the Palestine Conference. They heard Mr. Bevin give the British Government's view on the plan for Palestine, and the Arab rejoinder

THE OUTSPOKEN SPOKESMAN OF THE PALESTINIAN ARABS : Jamal Effendi Husseini (left), vice-chairman of the Arab Higher Executive, and Emile Effendi Ghoury, secretary of the Palestine Arab Party, seated together at the Conference. These representatives, who had boycotted the earlier meetings, told the Conference that they plainly rejected partition as a proper solution

THE AIR SAFETY BOARD DISCUSSES THE RECENT DAKOTA CRASHES : Members of the Board in conference at Ariel House, Strand, where they heard technical evidence on the basis of which they will report back to Lord Nathan, the Minister of Civil Aviation. At the head of the table on the left is Air Chief-Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill, the Chairman of the Board, and on his left hand is Lord Brabazon of Tara, the former Minister of Civil Aviation. Also in the group are representatives of B.O.A.C., B.E.A.C. and the British Airline Pilots' Association and the Guild of Air Pilots and Navigators

A RED-LETTER DAY FOR THE INDIAN LEAGUE : Mr. Q. U. Hafiz, Mr. A. S. Anano, Mr. H. K. Handoo (Honorary Secretary of the League) and Mr. Krishna Menon (special envoy for Europe) seen together at a recent meeting in Westminster. To celebrate Independence Day delegates gave the Independence pledge, sang national songs and indulged in a round of speech-making. Three days after this meeting members of the League were again in session, and they heard addresses from two Members of Parliament prominent in Indian affairs

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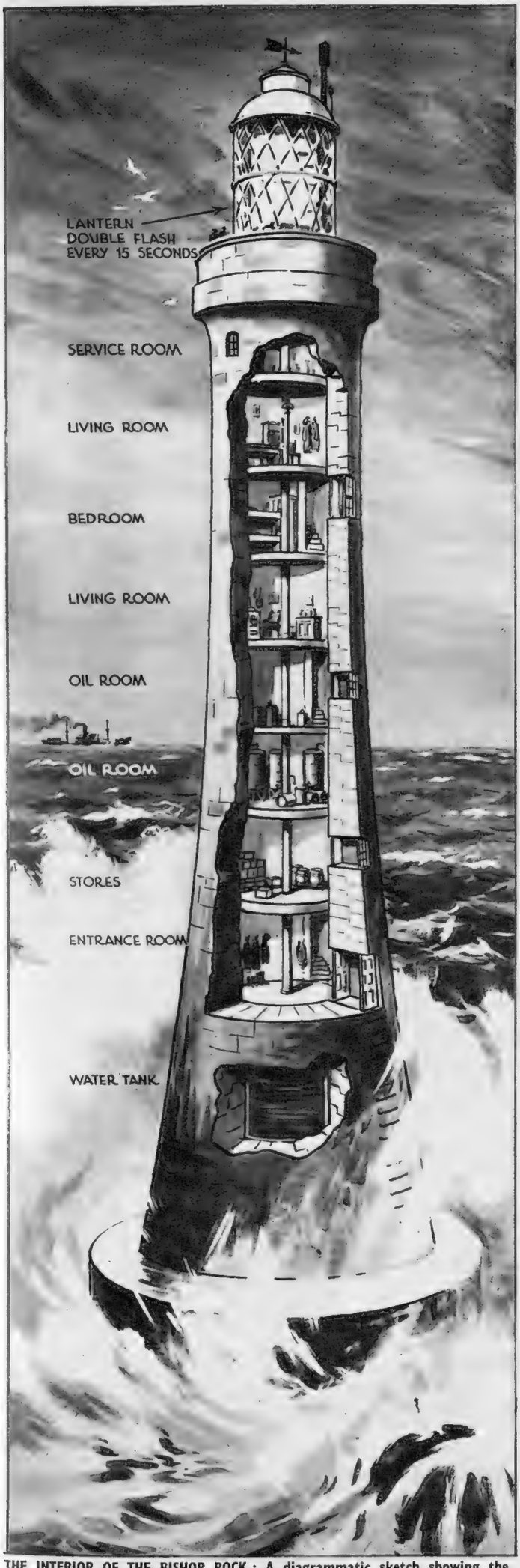
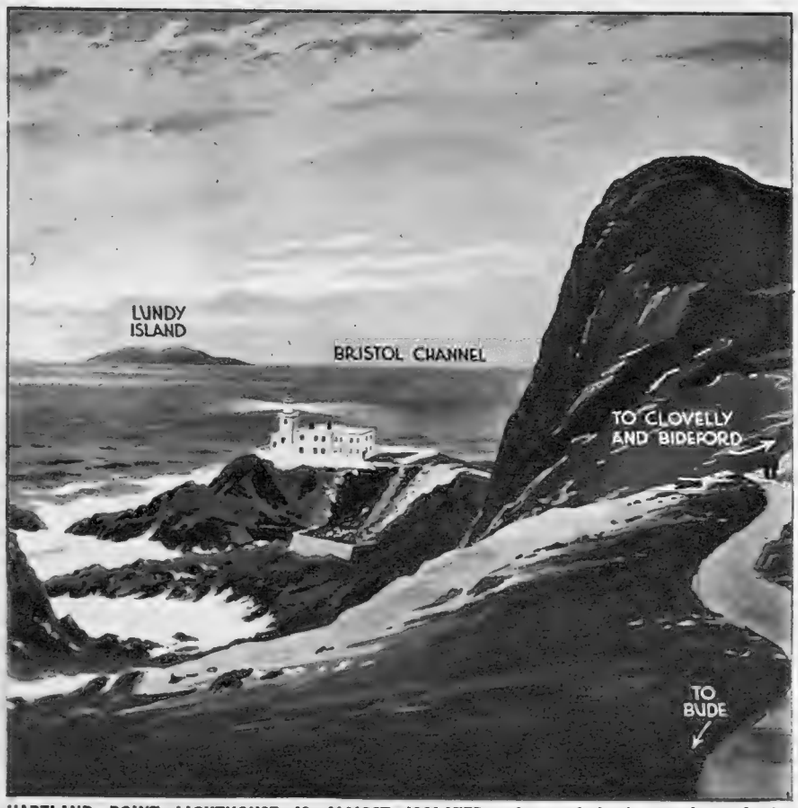


THE INTERIOR OF THE BISHOP ROCK: A diagrammatic sketch showing the living quarters, service room and storage room in the famous lighthouse off the Cornish coast where Commentator Edward Ward, of the B.B.C., and Engineer Coombs spent twenty-nine days after going out to do a three-minute Christmas broadcast



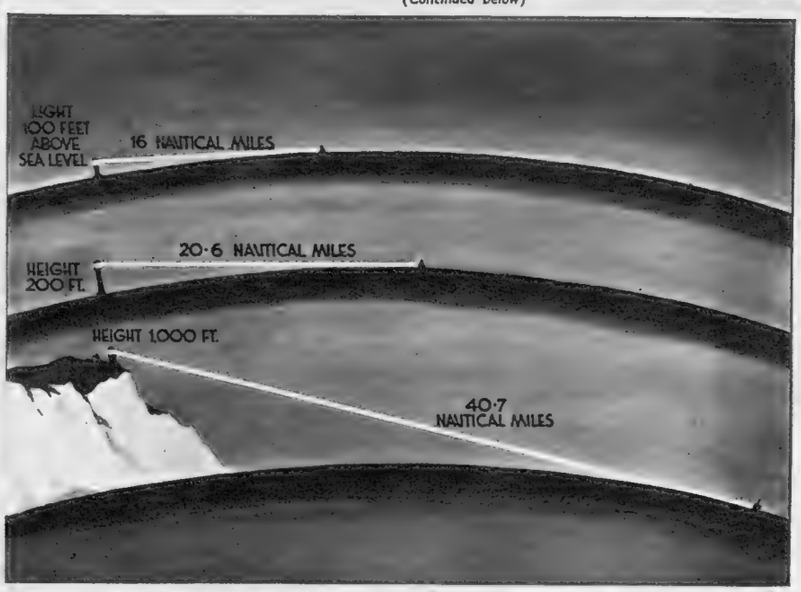
HARTLAND POINT LIGHTHOUSE IS ALMOST ISOLATED: An artist's impression of the celebrated light on the North Devon coast, where the Atlantic rollers, pounding in towards the Bristol Channel, have induced heavy falls of cliff. As a result the road leading from the mainland is now disappearing, and it is no longer considered safe for the keepers' families to remain at Hartland—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

ON THE ROCKS

Lighthouses are Having a Hectic Winter

In the winter months the lighthouses of Britain are invariably right in the forefront of the news, but in this winter of 1946-47, during which the gales have blown with such consistent violence, they have appeared even more regularly in the headlines; and, of course, when B.B.C. Commentator Edward Ward and Engineer Coombs were stranded at the Bishop Rock for twenty-nine days after going out to the lighthouse to give a Christmas broadcast, they received a full measure of publicity. After the clamour about the Bishop Rock had died down, the news came that Dubh Artach, one of the lonely Scottish lighthouses, had had to be supplied from the air, while there have also been dire tidings from Hartland Point, which ever since it was built in the '70's has been regarded as very much of a cynosure post, as it accommodated the keepers' families. The Hartland Light stands 350 ft. above the sea at the extreme north-west angle of Devon, and its beam shines out across one of the most treacherous coasts in the British Isles, saving, of course, the Goodwins, where the American freighters have been piling up so disastrously. The lighthouse is on the very tip of the peninsula, and within the perimeter

(*Continued below*)



THE STRATEGIC POSITIONING OF LIGHTHOUSES: A diagrammatic sketch showing the extent to which the height above sea-level affects the distance that a light may be seen in clear weather. Cliff-top lighthouses are naturally ideal, but their beams do not extend to all danger-points round Britain's coasts, and such isolated lights as Bishop Rock, the Wolf and Dubh Artach are therefore no less essential for the protection of shipping—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

walls are the living quarters provided for the keepers' families. A road ran from the mainland up to the dwellings, and although it was a five-mile walk to the shops at Hartland and it was a cold enough place in the depths of winter, the womenfolk were, on the whole, well content. The sea has given Hartland Point such a battering of recent years, however, that the approach road has been almost completely undermined, and it is now announced that the women and children have been evacuated. In future the Hartland will be manned by duty keepers for three months, on the same footing as lighthouses at sea, but at least they will have the satisfaction of knowing that when the three months is up they are sure of relief. Perhaps if Commentator Edward Ward ever does another Christmas lighthouse broadcast he will choose one, like Hartland, that has some connection with the mainland, however tenuous

PINEWOOD HAS THE COMMUNITY SPIRIT

Where Four Companies Are Making First-Class British Films

By CHARLES GRAVES

PINEWOOD is at once the most picturesque, compact and uniformly successful of all the English film studios. Once the country seat of the late Lieut.-Colonel Grant Morden—during whose tenancy the treaty with the Irish Free State was signed there—it became a golf club and a country club before Captain Richard Norton converted it to its present purpose. Formal gardens, clipped yew-trees, a huge panelled banqueting-hall, bay windows and an impressive courtyard all lend distinction. The courtyard, in fact, is the nub of the whole place, five " stages " leading off it.

During the war, Pinewood was more or less commandeered by Whitehall and became the centre of the Crown Film Unit, the Army Film Unit and the R.A.F. Film Unit. To-day it houses Archers Film Productions, Ltd., Cineguild Individual Pictures, Ltd., and Wessex—the head of which newcomer is Ian Dalrymple, who made such a name for himself with his documentaries, issued under the ægis of the Crown Film Unit. Nothing would seem more improbable than that four different film companies, using the same production facilities, technicians, cameras, floor space, canteens, office space and communal script department, should live happily together. Everybody knows that to be a successful director or producer it is necessary to have just as much egotism and temperament as a successful film-star. It redounds all the more to the credit, therefore, of Tom White that everything should go so smoothly and that the team spirit between the various directors and producers should be as strong as it is among the members of the individual companies.

Who is Tom White? Tom White is, in his own words, " the reluctant godfather " of the four different companies occupying Pinewood. Officially, he is General Manager of Independent Producers, Ltd., a non-profit-making company inside the Rank organisation which finances Wessex, Individual, Cineguild and Archers. Tom White, lean, spare, grey-haired, spectacled, witty, and vastly experienced in the talking-picture industry, attends, as adviser-cum-arbitrator, the regular Monday afternoon meeting at which one representative of each of the four companies is present to discuss the week's progress and matters of general, or conflicting, interest.

Once every six weeks there is a board meeting attended by Arthur Rank himself, followed by a dinner of the directors and producers of Pinewood as members of the board of Independent Producers, Ltd. This concern, as I have said, is not profit-making. All it does is to take a minimum 5 per cent. of the budget for overheads in return for providing the finance and facilities to its four member companies. The profits of each are, however, kept separately. These profits are in addition to the flat fees paid to the directors, producers and other executives. No wonder that several other directors and producers have wanted to join Pinewood on these beneficial terms; but only Ian Dalrymple, of Wessex, has succeeded in doing so recently.

At the moment each company is making a maximum of two pictures a year, and a glance at the list of their past productions—they were formed only four years ago—shows that nearly all the most successful English pictures, which are now said to be impressing Hollywood more than somewhat, have been made by members of Independent Producers, Ltd.

The Cineguild team consists of Anthony Havelock-Allan, David Lean and Ronald Neame. The first-named, who was at school with me, comes of a very distinguished military family. But instead of going to Sandhurst, he became recording manager for a gramophone company. It was Captain Richard Norton who brought him into the film business as his assistant. Shortly before the war he married Valerie Hobson; then in 1941 he suggested to Noel Coward that the latter should turn script-writer. *In Which We Serve* was the result, followed by *This Happy Breed*. It was during the making of this picture that he formed Cineguild with David Lean and Ronald Neame. The last-named is to-day our finest lighting director. He started his career as a messenger boy.

The individualists behind Individual Pictures, Ltd., are Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat. Frank Launder, who was born in Hitchin thirty-eight years ago, started his career in the Official Receiver's Office in Brighton. This grim occupation did not satisfy his artistic urge, and so he joined the Brighton Repertory Company and, for a time, worked in the Bankruptcy Court by day and in the theatre by night. Acting, however, was not his *maté*, and he turned playwright with *There was no Signpost*. This brought him the job in the scenario department at Elstree Studios. Thereafter his career was comparatively smooth.

Sidney Gilliat was born in 1908 at Edgeley, in Cheshire. He sold his first film story for £25, while his first attempt at direction was on an amateur film made in three days in a café at Victoria, but never shown. Two of his earlier successes were films about railway trains—*Rome Express* and *Night Train to Munich*. As a writing-directing team, they secured their first real start when Edward Black gave them a contract and they made *Millions Like Us* and *Waterloo Bridge*.

David Lean began as a number-board boy (one step lower than a clapper-boy) and worked his way through every phase of the industry, including one brief period as a wardrobe keeper. His ultimate success resulted from his specialising in the art of cutting films, though he can recall the times when he cut, edited and spoke the commentary for a newsreel—all for £5 a week.

Ian Dalrymple was born in South Africa and educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge. After a spell of commercial advertising he went into the film industry with Ivor Montagu. But it was Michael Balcon who gave him his first chance, although his production of *The Lion Has Wings* was probably the real turning-point in his career.

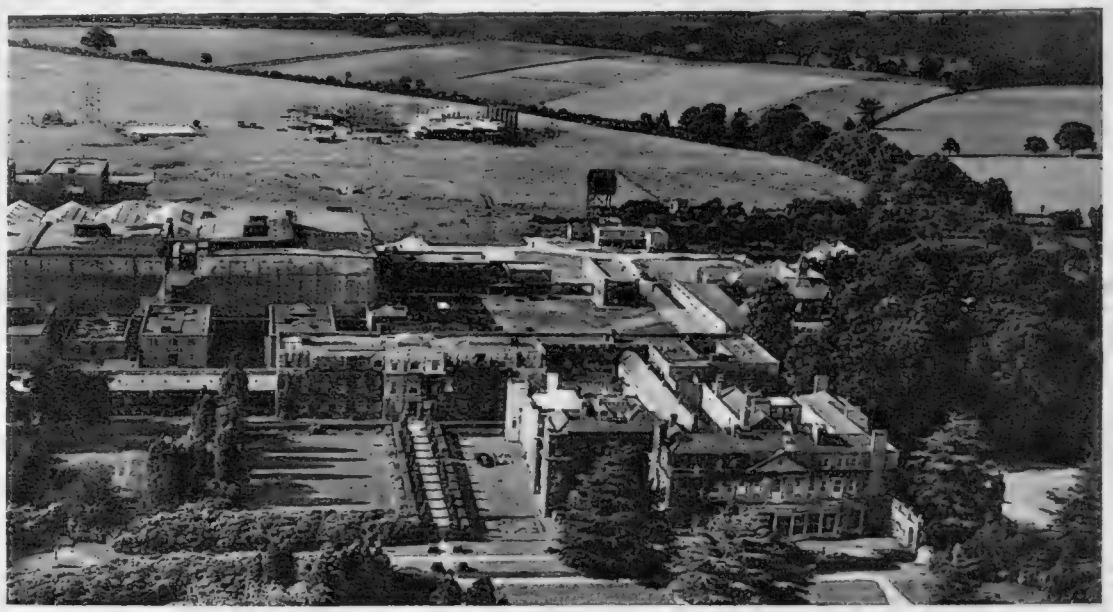
The two leading spirits of Archers Film Productions, Ltd., are Emeric Pressburger and Michael Powell. The former studied at Prague and Stuttgart University before becoming a script-writer at the Ufa Studios near Potsdam. When Hitler came to power he left for France, and two years later arrived in England without knowing a word of the language. He met Michael Powell while they were both working for Sir Alexander Korda on *Contraband* and *Spy in Black*. Both films were so successful that they decided to amalgamate as a writer-producer-director team.

Michael Powell was born in Kent in 1905 and educated at King's School, Canterbury. His first job was in a bank, but he soon left to join his father in the South of France, where he got a very junior job with Rex Ingram at Nice. Within five years he had passed through every department in the movie business. It was his association with Korda that really established him as a top director.

None of these white hopes of the English film industry is on the wrong side of fifty. It says very much for Mr. Rank's wisdom, as well as sympathy, that he allows them almost complete independence. None of the four companies has to guarantee to make more than one picture in the future for him. Each and all of them can terminate their arrangement after their next film and make pictures for anyone else.

The most astonishing aspect of Pinewood, however, is this total absence of clashes between the rival interests of these ambitious young directors and producers. True, they all have their separate large tables in the communal banqueting-hall, but that is only to be expected. The intervals between " shooting " are naturally taken up, even at meal-time, in discussion and planning for the next sequence.

When one contrasts the jealousies and cliques which exist in Hollywood, the friendly atmosphere of Pinewood is all the more remarkable.



THE PINEWOOD STUDIOS TO-DAY: " Once the country seat of Lieut.-Colonel Grant Morden, now," says Charles Graves, " one of the most picturesque, compact and uniformly successful of all the English film studios." Four companies operate at Pinewood, working together in creditable harmony, and during 1946-47 it has produced such pictures as " Great Expectations " and " A Matter of Life and Death "

MICHAEL POWELL: With Pressburger, made *A Matter of Life and Death*

EMERIC PRESSBURGER: Born in Hungary. He met Powell at Korda's

ANTHONY HAVELOCK-ALLAN: A leading light in active Cineguild

DAVID LEAN: The man who made *Great Expectations*, a current hit

RONALD NEAME: He excels in his direction of lighting for Cineguild

IAN DALRYMPLE: Born in South Africa. Balcon gave him his chance

FRANK LAUNDER: With Sidney Gilliat he launched *The Rake's Progress*

SIDNEY GILLIAT: Like his partner, he writes, directs and also produces

"BORN YESTERDAY"

An American Farce That Has Taken London by Storm: Film Stars in the News

American humour on the stage has not always appealed to London audiences and comedies that have been great successes on Broadway have failed here. Often this has been due to the slower pace of our production and to the American wisecrack losing much of its savour when delivered with an English-American accent. Laurence Olivier has overcome both these difficulties in his lively production of *Born Yesterday*, and has been rewarded by a success that should run for a long time

AN AMERICAN FARCE PRODUCED BY LAURENCE OLIVIER IS A SMASH HIT ON THE LONDON STAGE: Hartley Power, Yolande Donlan and William Kemp in "Born Yesterday," at the Garrick Theatre. Mr. Olivier has again demonstrated his versatility in coming direct from acting in classic drama to producing an American farce with outstanding success. Great personal hits were made by Hartley Power as the Big Business racketeer and Yolande Donlan as his dumb-blonde girl friend, upon whom the light of literacy begins to dawn, through the educating influence of the high-minded young journalist, sympathetically played by William Kemp

YOLANDE DONLAN—THE DUMB-BLONDE: She repeated her New York success with the same part

A FILM-STAR'S DAUGHTER VISITS HER MOTHER ON THE SET: Toots, five-year-old daughter of Margaret Lockwood, watches critically while her mother plays a scene with Catherine Nesbitt. England's most popular film-actress is playing the title role in the screen version of Nora Loft's novel *Jassy*, which is now being made at Shepherd's Bush Studios. For this scene she has shed some of her glamour to play the "tweeny," engaged by the headmistress at a wage of £5 a year. Margaret Lockwood's small daughter took a great interest in the studio and had wandered on to the set when the shot was taken

"PICK-UP GIRL" TO FILM-STAR: Patricia Plunkett, nineteen-year-old student of the R.A.D.A., has been signed up by Michael Balcon. A little over a year ago Patricia was playing Juliet at the R.A.D.A. She was selected for the West End production of *Pick-Up Girl*, and gave an impressive performance as the juvenile delinquent. Now she has been engaged for a leading role in a new picture, *It Always Rains on Sunday*

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

MISS PIM CONTINUES THE GOOD WORK

A Writer Who is Sustaining the Promise of Her First Effort: "Continental Revue" is a Tour de Force

I FEEL more like a godparent than a reviewer in relation to Miss Sheila Pim's new novel CREEPING VENOM (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.). After her first novel last year I urged her on this page to continue the good work, because it seemed to me that her talent was so fresh and her approach so skilfully artless that she was surely bound for a big success one day. Now that Miss Pim has "done some more," I feel this more clearly than ever.

At present the writer's genre is for murder mysteries, though, who knows, whether like Simenon, she will not eventually abandon this for purely psychological studies? The present story concerns a group of people living in the Pale of Dublin, whose major interests are in flower-shows, fruit-bottling and, since it is 1945, bandage-rolling. The fact that they are mostly comfortably well off and well-bred does not deter them from taking a vivid interest in other people's wills and inheritances.

The death of an elderly and propertied lady naturally stirs up the polite little community into all kinds of speculation, particularly when a detective arrives, and the word "murder" is breathed about. But in her telling, the author has avoided the excessively involved plotting that makes so much detective fiction complicated and improbable. Her style is direct, neat, entertaining and plausible. Yet there is a death by violence and a solution, with, between them, plain clues and interesting diversions.

I think that possibly a great deal of the book's quality lies in its having no deductive "master mind." The detective employed is astute, but he does not discover the solution; and the solution itself, found by an inexpert amateur, is effectively different from the usual finale of explanation and accusation. As a whole, the treatment is light and brisk, and, as a whole, I liked it. So here is another wholehearted recommendation for the Progressive Works of Pim.

CONTINENTAL REVUE (Faber and Faber. 9s. 6d.) is an extremely readable and lively novel that is also a real example of literary discipline. Miss Winifred Bambrick has chosen the members of a vast European troupe, dancers, jugglers, acrobats, singers, wild-animal trainers, and *diseuses* as her cast, and although the principal characters number at least a score and the minor characters a hundred or more, the predominating line, or theme, of the story is still clear and free from worthy entanglements.

Pappy Newman and the owner of the revue, the Herr Direktor Keller, a Brazilian, incidentally, with a Scottish grandfather, supervise between them every detail of their immense production, which tours the big cities of Europe and which, in spite of recalcitrant panthers and furious leading ladies, must play to an exact time-table on every opening night.

These premières are frequent and entail not only days and nights of travelling in special trains and motor-coaches, but elaborate installations in successive theatres, and in successive collections of boarding-houses. The wonder is that the Directors' patience, ingenuity and authority keep the whole show together and triumphant, in spite of personal jealousies and tragedies; and another wonder is that the author has been able to exercise a perfectly comparable authority in disentangling her two main stories from the wrack of detail.

I suppose that if I said that this was a *tour de force* I might be accused of making a very indifferent pun; the fact remains that it is a remarkable novel, and is rich in content as a pre-war pudding of steak, kidney, lark and oyster.

Prudently anticipating trouble of the kind, the blurb to Mr. William Saroyan's new play has it that "none of the conventional means for telling the public what it is all about are of the slightest use." For thirteen successive performances the New York audience tried to find out for themselves but apparently they gave up after that, and GET AWAY, OLD MAN (Faber. 6s.) was withdrawn from the stage. Reading it in its present form is even more difficult, partly because I have never known why all the fuss was made about Mr. Saroyan, and partly because now I understand it still less.

Roughly, but not nearly as roughly as the playwright, this is about a caricature of a motion-picture magnate who thinks he has a theme and wants a writer to make it into a film story. The writer makes difficulties but no story, till at the end, when his love-affair promises success, there seems to be some hope that he has adequate inspiration. There is no plot that one could call such; merely some neat twists of situation, operating by giddy surprises and shock tactics, and a few effective moments. The characterisation is flimsy, and the writer relies on clever, crackling dialogue whose slickness often irritates.

There is an attempt to say would-be profound and serious things and to shake the whole into some kind of cosmic comedy under a veil of banter, but it is only an attempt, and the play remains unclassified as it is incommunicable.

THE SALE OF THE HARMSWORTH COLLECTION OF THE WORKS OF JOHN BUNYAN: One of the first editions of "The Pilgrim's Progress" which brought a total of £8,486 at Sotheby's last week. Mr. Ernest Maggs gave £4,400 for this example, which was published in 1678 for eighteen pence. In 1926 the copy was auctioned for £6,800, but it was returned on the plea that it was a second issue as it contained five lines of errata on the last page. Experts, however, have now declared it to be an authentic first issue, hence the present price

The autobiography of the week is by the widow of the late Bishop of Lincoln, who was sixty-fourth in that office. Mrs. Kathleen Nugent Hicks writes with no literary flamboyance, and with no suggestion of catching a popular and contemporary eye. FROM ROCK TO TOWER (Macdonald. 12s. 6d.) is, in the main, a sober account of her experiences, shot through with a humour that is none the worse for being rather old-fashioned.

For instance, Mrs. Hicks describes incidents in her pleasantly tomboyish school-days, of a kind that most of us, male or female, could at least equal but might not consider worth transcription. But she tells them in a mood of such evident high spirits that even their triviality becomes likeable.

Correspondingly, the account of her years of loving fellowship with her husband when he was Principal of the Training College at Cheshunt, then Vicar of Brighton, Bishop of Gibraltar, and finally Bishop of Lincoln, have a disarming simplicity that underlines the profundity of her faith not less than the reality of her devotion. Mrs. Hicks's strictures on the Roman Catholic religion are obviously felt profoundly by her.

There is, too, in Mrs. Hicks, a gentle sense of humour which prompts her to recall such pleasant and harmless stories as that of a day in Brighton, spent with her husband, several Orthodox clergy and the Archbishop of the Jordan, when, on their inevitable visit to the Aquarium the Patriarch pointed to an alligator and exclaimed: "A feesh from my diocese!"

Mr. Adrian Bell, farmer and novelist, has written a farming chronicle which makes pleasant and sometimes nostalgic reading. THE BUDDING MORROW (John Lane. 7s. 6d.) is a survey of the farming year told in eleven episodes by the farmer, whose anecdotes and soliloquies indicate an abiding love of the old country ways, mixed with the sincere belief that the old and the new farming methods can be made to complement each other.

"The machine—or human temperament?" asks Mr. Bell. "The rattle of gears or the clash of personalities: that is the choice for the farmer. Perhaps it will be the machine. Perhaps the farm-worker will become a small yeoman again, his own master, by virtue of the machine. In that case the machine would not enslave but set free."

A charming little book and provocative without being disturbing.

MR. REVES SORTS OUT THE WORLD'S PROBLEMS

"The Anatomy of Peace," and Other Shorter Reviews

THE ANATOMY OF PEACE (George Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.), by Emery Reves, has been acclaimed in the United States as the book of the century, the answer to the problems besetting this troubled world. Ten impressions have already sold out in America, we are told; it has been on the best-seller list for almost half a year; it has been adopted as a text-book in a number of American universities and high schools; it has been the subject of sermons in hundreds of churches, and in many places groups have been formed for spreading this new political outlook on World Government. All this may be very fine, and quite in America's accepted publishing tradition, but whether British readers will so readily take to their hearts *The Anatomy of Peace* is entirely another matter. It is more probable that they will take violent exception to this book, largely on the score of its flat-footed assertion of facts which more mature minds might deem to be at least debatable. The argument for world government as a cure for the world's ills is advanced with vigorous assurance, but in propounding his theory Mr. Reves delivers a broadside against religion which is both cheap and ill-considered. Let his words reveal the poverty of his thought: "The wholesale murder, torture, persecution and oppression we are witnessing in the middle of the twentieth century proves the complete bankruptcy of Christianity as a civilising force, its failure as an instrument to tame instinctive human passions and to transform man from an animal into a rational social being."

Of recent months there have been several new books about the Channel Islands in the days of the Nazi occupation, and in JERSEY UNDER THE JACKBOOT (W. H. Allen. 7s. 6d.), by R. C. F. Maugham, we are told very little that is new. Mr. Maugham, however, marshals his facts with skill, and the final chapters, showing how the Germans were reduced to eating cats and dogs, mostly pets stolen from the inhabitants, even feeding at times on limpets from the rocks, how they seethed with revolt against their commanders, openly deriding the Nazi creed, give a very clear picture of the desperate situation of the Herrenvolk in the closing stages of their historic occupation.

Hansard, recorder of all that takes place in Parliament, every piece of political wisdom, every gem of wit, and every trivial remark, not to mention the occasional free fight, is an established institution, but the 200,000 words of the average Parliamentary day are for the most part heavy going. Now to the rescue comes the HANSARD DIGEST (Whitehall Publishing Company. 2s.), and this new venture should be an assured success. The *Hansard Digest* will appear periodically during each Parliamentary session, and the first issue, with a bright cover and all the air of a miniature magazine, covers the proceedings from November 12 to December 21, 1946. This is excellent reading, and with illustrations in plenty the *Digest* lacks nothing in presentation. The big feature in this number is the debate on the Nelson pension, or, to be more precise, the Trafalgar Estates Bill, but the accounts of one of the weekly Morrison-Churchill clashes and the Piratin affray are almost on the same dramatic plane. We can clearly expect more pyrotechnics in the next *Digest*.

In his reminiscences "Bomber" Harris has spoken up for the air crews and the men of the ground staff who, together, comprised his overworked Bomber Command. He has commented, in his forthright style, on the scantiness of their reward and paid tribute to their unswerving devotion in the face of crippling casualties. Now comes a novel from the pen of S. L. Berry, himself a bomber navigator, which deals more intimately with the subject and is wholly complementary to all that Harris has written. FOR THOSE WHO WAIT (Morris and Co. 8s. 6d.) is a simple tale, simply and movingly told (some may aver that it is too simple), but it does contrive to show the wonderful spirit of unity among the bomber crews—a unity, regardless of rank, which was the secret of the Command's success. This is a book, written from the heart, which should certainly be read by all who had sons in the Service.

Phyllis Bottome has contributed a series of essays to the P.E.N. Books series under the rather prosaic but informative title, INDIVIDUAL COUNTRIES (George Allen and Unwin. 2s. 6d.). Perhaps the best essay is that on America, which the author knows so well. She is able to write without rancour of the abnormalities of American life. She is able, too, to see beyond them to the rich contribution America can make to the Old World.

DANCING STREAMS IN MANY LANDS (The Bromley Press. 8s. 6d.) is another book of reminiscences by Sir Douglas McCraith. The account of his journeyings in Lapland is well written and unusual.

Two books from the same publishing house on two very widely differing medical subjects are THE COMMON COLD AND HOW TO FIGHT IT (Macdonald. 4s. 6d.), by Noah D. Fabricant, and THE CONQUEST OF CANCER (Macdonald. 6s.), by George Bankoff. Both avoid abstruse professional jargon.

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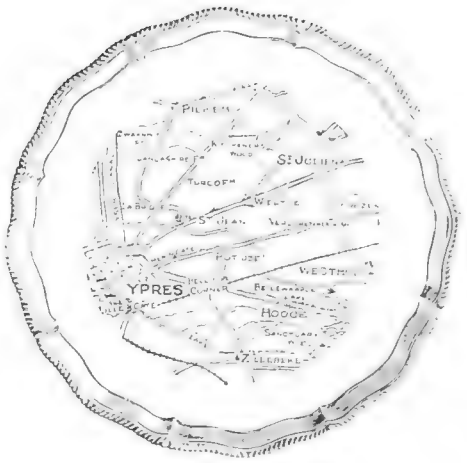

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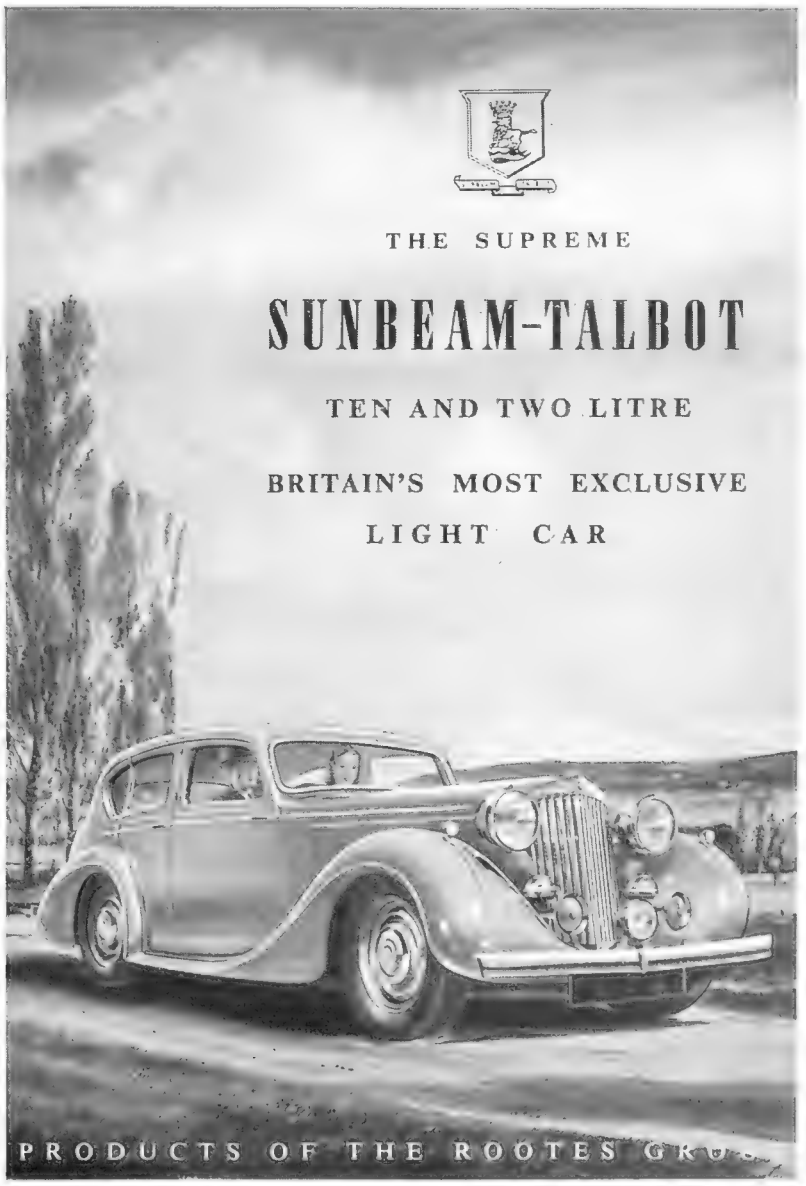

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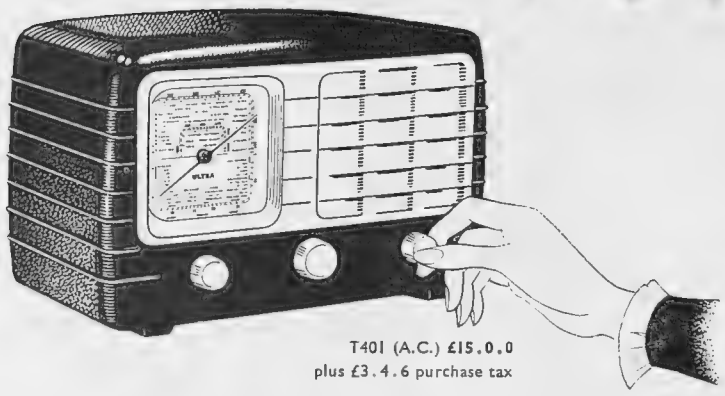

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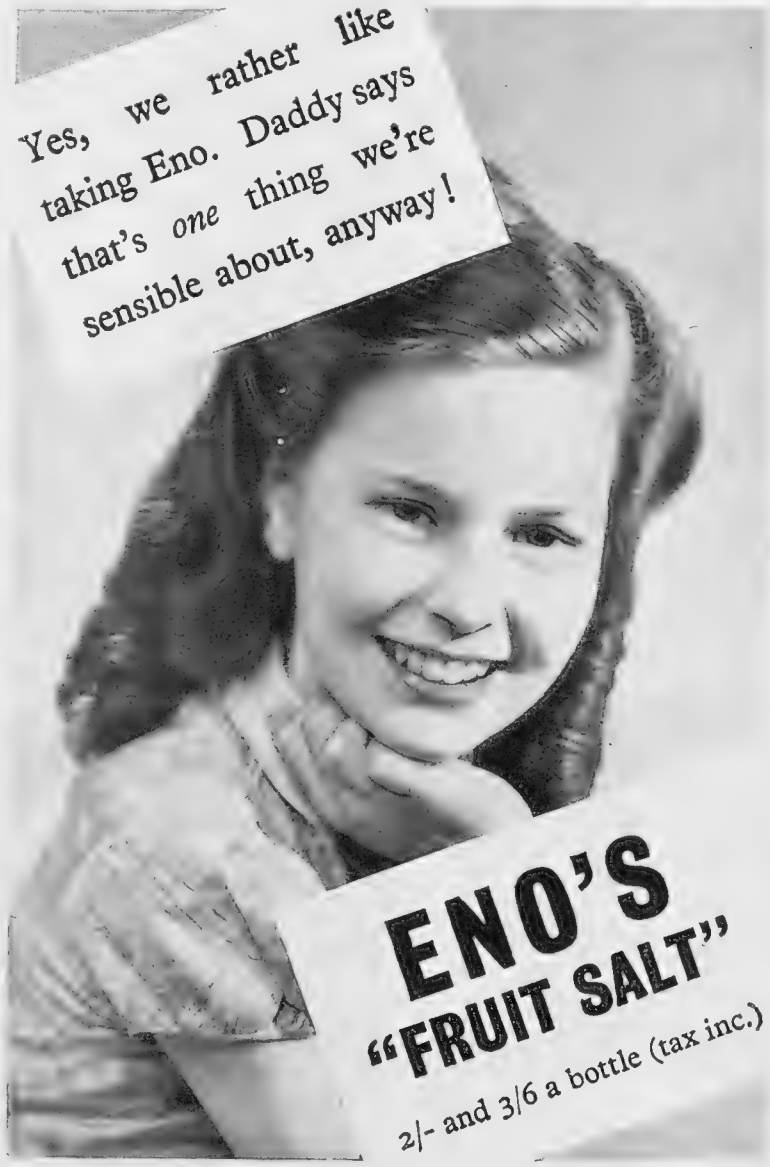

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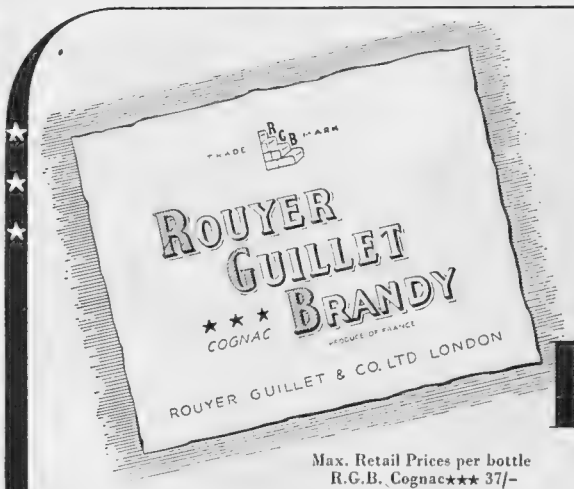

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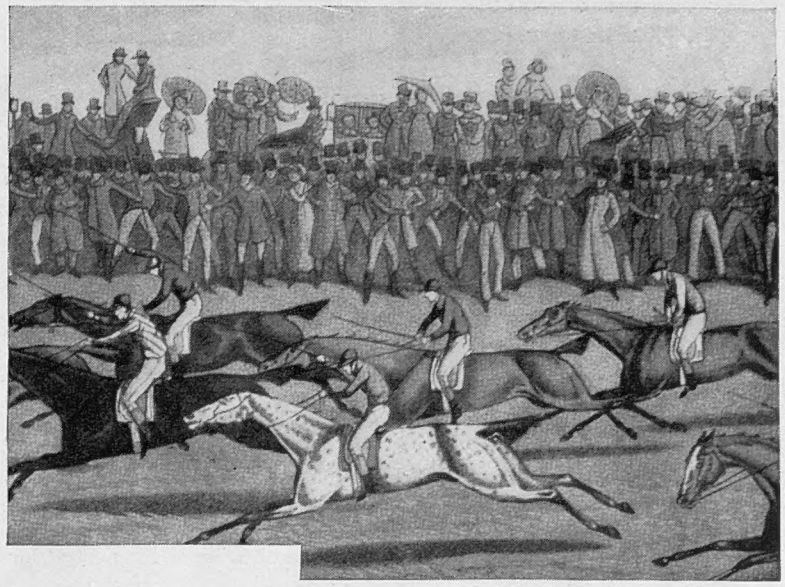

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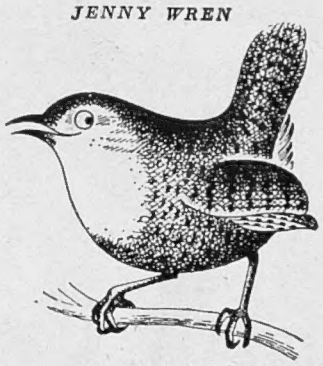

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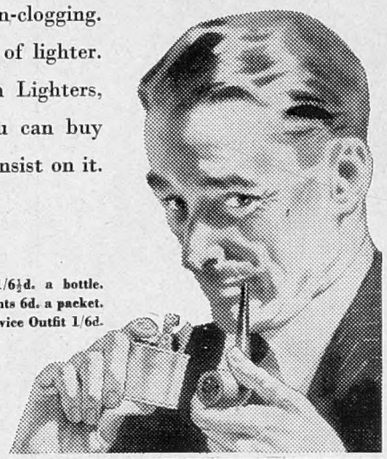

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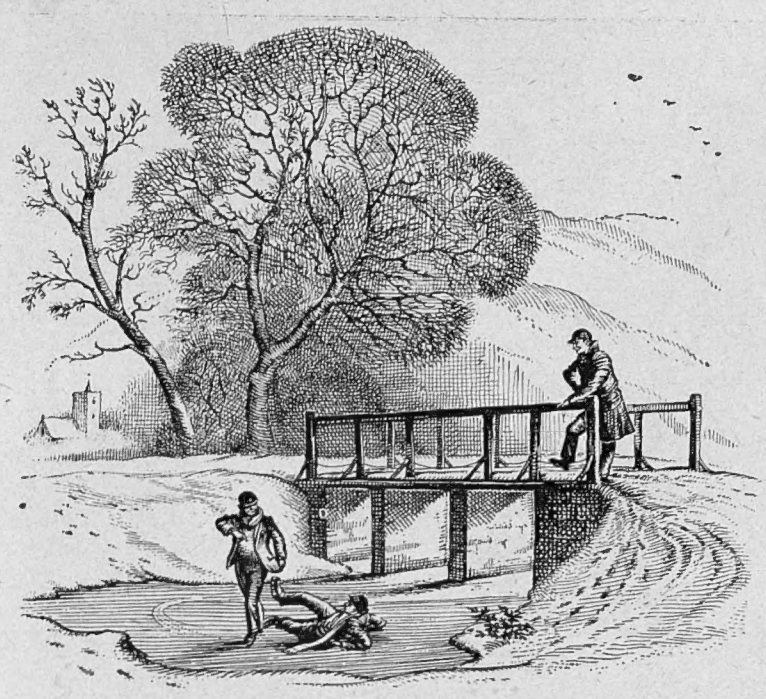

February

"Towards the end of February we are so busy handling documents relating to fish shipments that our Department might almost be part of Billingsgate itself". So writes an official of the Overseas branch of the Midland Bank at 122 Old Broad Street, London. Every month shipments are financed by credits arranged through London, but exceptional activity during this month arises from European countries preparing to import fish from Newfoundland and Northern waters for consumption in Lent. The business of the Bank's foreign branches in Birmingham, Bradford, Liverpool and Manchester similarly reflects interesting seasonal variations in the flow of goods through the world's markets.

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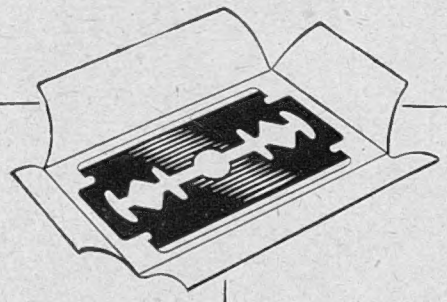

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